

# THE SKETCH.

No. 79.—VOL. VII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d.



MISS LIZZIE RUGGLES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, CHEAPSIDE.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Fighting has begun in Corea. The Chinese Resident, it is reported, instigated an attack on the Japanese garrison at Seoul, which was forthwith done, only to be defeated. A Japanese warship has sunk a Chinese transport. The Korean Government, advised by China, is not to institute the reforms suggested by Japan, after all.—The Stonhurst College Centenary Festival began, nearly all the English Catholic Bishops being present.—An International Textile Workers' Conference, at which 17,000 operatives are represented, was opened at Manchester.—The steamer *Trinidad*, 2162 tons, ore laden from Bilbao to Middlesbrough, ran down and sank the Sunderland steamer *Mount Stewart*, 679 tons, six miles west of Dover.—The man who tried to stab Mrs. Sandys, wife of the Public Orator of Cambridge University, last week, was sent to the workhouse as a lunatic.—The Minnie Palmer divorce case came to a sudden end by the parties arriving at a settlement, with which Lord Justice Lopes declined to have anything to do.—The debate on the Anti-Anarchist Bill in the French Chamber led to several rowdy scenes, which ended in the expulsion of all the reporters from the Press gallery, in consequence of protests being made by certain occupants against the statements of one of the speakers.—Intensely hot weather is being experienced in Germany.—The Treasurer of New Zealand carries forward a surplus of £290,200, and estimates a surplus for the current year of £51,800.

Wednesday.

The Duke of York visited the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, which is held this year in Aberdeen. He stayed the night at Keith Hall, the beautiful residence of the Earl of Kintore.—This was prize-day at several of the public schools and colleges. At Cooper's Hill, Lord Reay, who distributed the prizes, denounced the practice of teaching pupils a smattering of Latin. "If Cicero were to reappear, he would be the first to be surprised at the attempts still made in certain schools to hamper young men, and even young women, by obliging them to study Latin." His Lordship is likely to hear some frantic denunciations from the classicists.—The Countess of Ilchester distributed the Royal Academy of Music prizes.—The restored west front of Rochester Cathedral was dedicated with a special service.—It was decided to continue the miners' strike in Scotland.—A man who bears the classic name of Rossini, and who was chairman of the committee that received Garibaldi in this country, was found guilty at the County of London Sessions for stealing a ring belonging to the *première danseuse* at the Italian Opera. He was bound over to come up for judgment if called upon.—Sir William Whiteway, ex-Premier of Newfoundland, was found guilty of bribery and corruption, and he is consequently disqualified for future election. Thirteen members have shared a similar fate.—Sir William Robinson, the Governor, in opening the Parliament of Western Australia, expressed his belief in the new goldfields in the colony.—The British Government is said to have informed Japan and China that they will infringe British interests at their peril, but that so long as these are respected England will not interfere in the Korean crisis.

Thursday.

About 150 Guardsmen who served in the Crimean War were entertained at luncheon at Chelsea Barracks, and afterwards visited "Constantinople" (at Olympia), which was surely an appropriate rendezvous. The Commander-in-Chief was unable to be present, but Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, who was wounded during the campaign, addressed his old comrades.—Lord Coleridge gave evidence before the Select Committee which is inquiring into the method of members of the House of Commons vacating their seats.—The Duke of Devonshire, who presided at the annual meeting of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical and Secondary Education, said £86,000 was now devoted to such instruction in London.—The Hon. W. F. D. Smith was married to Lady Esther Gore, third daughter of the Earl of Arran, at St. Clement Danes Church, in the Strand.—In the royal parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields the marriage took place of Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith with Laby Barbara Coventry, eldest daughter of the Earl of Coventry.—The Anti-Anarchist Bill was passed in the French Chamber by 268 votes to 163.—The Anarchist Meunier, who was arrested in London and extradited for complicity in the Café Véro and other outrages, was sentenced to penal servitude for life.—The 350th anniversary of the foundation of the Albertus University of Königsberg was celebrated. Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, who was present, read a letter of congratulation from the Emperor, in which his Majesty said: "Albertina has never forgotten the task imposed upon her at her foundation, to become in the far frontier land a training centre of German genius and German culture. At the same time, she has become a recognised focus of intellectual interests and scientific vitality."

Friday.

The King of Corea has been captured by the Japanese, and is to be retained by them as a hostage for the performance of the reforms that have been demanded. On the Stock Exchange Foreign Government bonds were depressed.—The French Senate passed the Anti-Anarchist Bill by 205 votes to 34. A duel was fought this morning at Boulogne-sur-Seine between M. Clémenceau, who was insulted by M. Deschanel in the *Justice* over the Bill. Both combatants were skilful swordsmen, and a long encounter took place, M. Deschanel eventually sustaining a flesh wound on the right side of the forehead over the eye.—The festivities in honour of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark began

at Copenhagen. Many presents were given to the Prince and Princess, who received several deputations, including some from Sweden, the native country of the Princess.—The London County Council adopted a resolution asking the General Purposes Committee to consider how far it would be advisable for the Council to establish a system of municipal pawnbroking on the model of the foreign *Monts de Piété*.—The Bank of England celebrated its two-hundredth birthday.—The Hon. Frederick Napier Thesiger, eldest son of Lord Chelmsford, was married in St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to the Hon. Frances C. Guest, eldest daughter of Lord Wimborne.—John James Dillon O'Flynn, barrister-at-law, has a long name, but he will be known for the next five years as Number something or other, for during this period he will be in penal servitude for fraud. John James Dillon O'Flynn swooned when he heard his fate.

Saturday.

Corea is the main item of news in the papers, although, owing to the interruption of telegraphic communication, nothing is very definitely known of the situation. It is officially stated, however, that three ships of the Japanese squadron engaged some Chinese men-of-war off Round Island, captured one of them, and sank a transport carrying 1100 soldiers. Two Chinese ships "unfortunately" escaped.—Cholera has broken out on a steamer which arrived at Gravesend from Cronstadt.—A Dutch steamer ran down a German barque in the Channel this morning during the thick haze, and three men were drowned.—A report circulated that an old labourer on Lord Rosebery's Postwick estate, Norfolk, had been evicted some time ago, drew a letter from the Premier, who says he never heard of the case at all, but he has no doubt his agent had good reason for what he did.—The waiters Koczula and Schmerfeldt were condemned to death for the murder of the former's landlady, Mrs. Rasch, in Shaftesbury Avenue. Mrs. Koczula was acquitted of murder, but is retained in custody to see what should be done with her on the charge of robbery.—The twenty-four hours' bicycle race at Herne Hill, for which eighteen riders started at eight o'clock last night, was finished by six of the competitors. Shorland was first with 460 miles 1296 yards. He has thus beaten the world's record by nearly three miles.—The French Chamber rose for the session.—Another political duel took place in France. This time it was between M. Canivet, a Parisian journalist, and Deputy Rouanet. Neither of them was injured. Count d'Elva, Deputy for Mayenne, is to fight M. Drumont, of the *Libre Parole*.

Sunday.

A special service was held in St. Paul's Cathedral for the benefit of those attending the Health Congress. Archdeacon Farrar, who was the preacher, spoke of the Institute of Public Health as directly religious and absolutely Christian.—Mr. Stopford Brooke dealt with the School Board religious question in Bedford Chapel to-day. He said the demand of the Church party was a mixture of ignorance, intolerance, and impudence.—Severe thunderstorms were experienced over the south-west of England. A Church school at Barnes was set on fire. The flagstaff on the tower of Norton Church, Yeovil, was also fired, and the tower burned down, the damage being estimated at £1000.—The new Anti-Anarchist law was promulgated in Paris to-day.—The Archduke William of Austria, third son of the late Archduke Charles, and second cousin of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was killed to-day near Baden. His horse shied at an electric railway and bolted. The Archduke lost his seat, and was dragged in the stirrup several yards, with fatal results. He was sixty-seven years of age.—The death is also announced of Cardinal Count Ledochowski, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, at the age of seventy-two.

Monday.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London, with a deputation appointed by the Court of Common Council, attended York House to present the address of the Corporation to the Duke and Duchess of York.—The Duke presented the prizes at Eltham College.—The Royal Opera season came to an end to-night with a special performance of German opera, "Die Meistersinger."—The Prince of Wales arrived at Goodwood House for the races.—The eight-hour day having failed after six months' trial at the works of the Llanelli Pottery Company, the workers, by a large majority, returned to-day to the old system.—The new British Ambassador to St. Petersburg has been formally received by the Czar.

The illustration in our last issue purporting to be "Some of Madame Patti's Concert Party at Swansea" was incorrectly titled, as the group in reality consisted of a house-party entertained by the great singer at her lovely Welsh home. We regret this error, which was not discovered till it was too late to be rectified.

There is another Harmsworth Expedition. This time it is not an expedition to the North Pole, but an attempt to reach those boys and girls who need Sunday reading. This land of juvenile readers has certain characteristics, which will need to be carefully considered if any useful purpose is to be served by the new weekly magazine, entitled the *Sunday Companion*. Under Mr. Harmsworth's general guidance this paper has just appeared, and seems to have a promising future before it. It not only caters for boys and girls, but for their parents. It has various competitions founded on searches in the Bible, interesting articles on general subjects, and numberless paragraphs of a gossipy and even humorous nature. It would be, perhaps, unjust to criticise the first two or three numbers of the *Sunday Companion*, as it has hardly had time to formulate a note or policy. The editor is Mr. Hartley Aspdon, who has graduated, like many other young journalists, in the school of *Tit-Bits*.

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## "DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI."

MR. RICHARD MARSLAND; MRS. RICHARD MARSLAND;  
A GUARD.

SCENE: A railway carriage. MRS. MARSLAND alone.

GUARD. Here you are, Sir. Quick as you can, please. Right away, there!

[Enter Marsland hurriedly.]

RICHARD MARSLAND. Good heavens—Kitty!

MRS. MARSLAND (in a freezing tone). I beg your pardon?

R. M. I beg yours, I am sure. I should have said, if I spoke at all,

Mrs. Marsland. You still do me the honour to keep my name, I believe.

MRS. M. Under the circumstances, it would have been better taste not to speak at all. May I ask why you got into this carriage of all others?

R. M. It certainly was a liberty. My only excuse is that I didn't see who the lady in it was.

MRS. M. It was just like you to pick out a carriage where there was a lady travelling by herself.

R. M. Well, I'm a bachelor now, thanks to you, and so long as the lady didn't mind—

MRS. M. A bachelor! You were always that at heart.

R. M. I beg your pardon. When we were first married there wasn't a more devoted husband in England than I. You were never out of my thoughts. I couldn't be happy away from you—you know I couldn't. Ah! Kitty—I beg your pardon again—we were very happy in those days when you were fond of me. You did love me then, did you not?

MRS. M. I—I suppose I did—far more than you deserved.

R. M. Do you remember our honeymoon—that jolly little house down by Lyndhurst, and the drives we used to take in the forest in the moonlight? What a pair of donkeys we were!

MRS. M. I've forgotten all about our honeymoon—at last. How long will it be before this train stops again, please?

R. M. Nearly an hour, I believe. Why? Do you want some luncheon?

MRS. M. Not at all; but I should like to get into another carriage.

R. M. Have you grown such a prude that you won't be seen travelling with your own husband?

MRS. M. My own husband! Ah! (Sighs.)

R. M. Well, your ex-husband, then. (A pause.) Kitty! (She pretends not to hear.) Mrs. Richard Marsland!

MRS. M. Well?

R. M. May I ask where you are going to stay in London?

MRS. M. In Bramham Gardens, if you wish to know.

R. M. Oh! with the Kirkpatricks, I suppose? Well, you won't be there much before dinner time. Let me give you a sandwich—I've got some in my bag.

MRS. M. (with extreme hauteur). Thank you; I'm not at all hungry.

R. M. They're made of foie gras, just as you used to like them. And I've got a pint of Irroy, too. Just one little glass.

MRS. M. Will you please understand, once for all, that I don't want to talk to you? It was a caddish thing for you to do to come here at all, and you might have the decency not to force your attentions on me—just as if I were a perfect stranger.

R. M. And you might have the decency, now that you've done me all the harm you can, to be commonly civil to me. We can't sit and glare at each other for an hour.

MRS. M. (showing signs of "nerves"). What harm did I ever do to you? I, who'd have—Bah! What does it matter now what I'd have done?

R. M. Then why did you get divorced from me?

MRS. M. Because you forced me to it.

R. M. You mean your father forced you to it.

MRS. M. Father had nothing to do with it—or very little.

R. M. Do you mean to say that it was not your father who set that rascal to watch me, after you'd left me?

MRS. M. I could hardly go to a private detective myself, could I?

R. M. The perjured rascal! I wonder I didn't break his neck.

MRS. M. It's very well for you to talk about perjury. If what he said was false, why didn't you disprove it at the trial?

R. M. Because I was too proud—like an ass. I said to myself, "What does it matter? If Kitty—you don't mind me thinking of you as Kitty, do you?—chooses to believe these things about me, let her. If she doesn't love me any more, and wants to be free from me, who cares?" You see, I didn't know then what it was going to be like.

MRS. M. No; I suppose it isn't pleasant for either of us.

R. M. Oh, as to that, I've got used to it by now. And people have been very kind, on the whole. They understand that I wasn't to blame—

MRS. M. Especially those Dunster girls.

R. M. (confused). Why? What do you mean? How do you know?

MRS. M. I know a good many things. I know you're engaged to the younger one.

R. M. I'm sure I'm not—so far.

MRS. M. (indifferently). Really! I was told that you were. Does she know that you used to beat me, I wonder?

R. M. (angrily). How dare you say such a thing?

MRS. M. Do you deny that you boxed my ears?

R. M. Once, and a saint couldn't have kept his temper with you that day. I sometimes think you provoked me on purpose. (She smiles.) You seem to find it very amusing.

MRS. M. I smiled to think how penitent you were afterwards, and how you begged me to forgive you.

R. M. And you wouldn't.

MRS. M. Yes, I did—in my heart. I'll confess now that it was my own fault, and that you served me right.

R. M. No, no. I can't allow you to say that. We both of us lost our temper, and I behaved like a cad. Ah! well, it's been a lesson to me ever since.

MRS. M. So much the better for the Dunster girl. (A pause.)

R. M. What a pretty hat that is that you're wearing!

MRS. M. (thawing a little). Do you like it? You're the second person who's admired it to-day.

R. M. May I, without indiscretion, ask who the first was?

MRS. M. Certainly: it was Colonel Selby.

R. M. Selby! Confound him! What business has he to be paying you compliments? Do you care a straw for him?

MRS. M. I—I think he's very nice.

R. M. And I think she's very nice. (A pause.) Kitty!

MRS. M. (off her guard). What, dear?—I mean—

R. M. Oh! I know what you mean. I don't like Selby; he's an outsider, and I'm sure he'd make a very bad husband.

MRS. M. Well, if you come to that, you know those Dunster girls are shocking bad style. They've been brought up anyhow, and you know what people say about the mother.

R. M. Yes—I do. It isn't true; but I wish they wouldn't say it. (He stares out of the window.) Look here, Kitty. I can't bear to think of your making another mistake. Will you promise me not to have anything more to do with him?

MRS. M. Will you promise me never to see her again?

R. M. Yes—unless I can't help it.

MRS. M. Then so will I. I don't mean to marry anybody. (She sighs.) I shall pass the rest of my life alone—always alone.

R. M. But if a man neither too young nor too old—a fellow who had plenty of money and knew lots of nice people—a good-looking man, who'd been married before, and knew the duties of a husband—were to tell you that he'd never cared for anybody but you, and ask you to marry him, wouldn't you?

MRS. M. Certainly not. He'd be always comparing me with his first wife.

R. M. But supposing the first wife had been—yourself?

MRS. M. (with dignity). I think you might have spared me this kind of—Dick! let go my hand. How dare you? (The train slackens speed.) Good heavens! here we are at the station. Will you get out, or must I?

R. M. I'll go if you tell me to.

[He rises—very slowly.]

MRS. M. Oh, Dick, did you mean it? Could you forgive me for the way I've treated you?

R. M. Every word of it. Kitty, my dearest, let's forget that anything ever came between us. Let's begin all over again, and love each other as we used to five years ago. Why should the rest of our lives be made unhappy by that one mistake? Why—

GUARD (without). Crewe! Crewe! Crewe! Change for—

R. M. Confound it! We shall have somebody coming in now. Don't cry, dear, for heaven's sake! Kitty, shall I get out or shall I stay?

MRS. M. (sobbing). St—st—stay with me, dear.

H. B. F. K.

EMPIRE.—TWO GRAND BALLETS. At 7.50, THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME; and at 10.40 LA FROLIQUE. Grand Varieties. An entirely new series of Living Pictures. Doors open at 7.30.

OLYMPIA.—TWICE DAILY.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

BOLOSSY KIRALEY'S GRAND SPECTACULAR DRAMA.  
2000 PERFORMERS. LOVELY BALLETS. CHARMING MUSIC.  
TROOPS OF CAMELS, MULES, DROMEDARIES, HORSES, &c.  
MOST MARVELLOUS SHOW EVER ORGANISED IN ANY COUNTRY OR AGE.  
BEAUTIFULLY ILLUMINATED GARDENS.  
MODERN CONSTANTINOPLE, WITH ITS PALACES, SHOPS, BOATS, &c.  
TURKISH REGIE CIGARETTE FACTORY IN FULL WORKING.  
ARABIAN NIGHTS TABLEAU. THE MOORISH HAREM.  
BANDS OF DAN GODFREY (JUN.). ROUMELIAN GIPSY BAND.  
IMPERIAL HUNGARIAN BAND.  
HALL OF 1001 COLUMNS. TURKISH CAIQUES PROPELLED BY TURKISH BOATMEN.  
REALISTIC PANORAMA OF CONSTANTINOPLE.  
Open 12 to 5 and 6 to 11 p.m.—Grand Spectacle, 2.30 and 8.30.—Admission Everywhere (including Reserved Seat), 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s. Private Boxes (hold Six), £3.3s. Seats from 3s. may be booked at Box-office or Olympia. Children under Twelve half-price to Matinees to seats above 1s.  
Promenade Tickets are issued at 1s. at 2.40 and 8.40, admitting to all Entertainments except Grand Stage Spectacle.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

A FORTNIGHT IN NORTH WALES.

WEEKLY EXCURSIONS.

EVERY SATURDAY DURING AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave London (Euston) 8.15 a.m., Broad Street 7.25 a.m., Dalston Junction 7.30 a.m., Highbury 7.34 a.m., Kilburn 8.10 a.m., Richmond (North London Railway) 7.49 a.m., Mansion House (District Railway) 7.9 a.m., Victoria (District Railway) 7.24 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 7.42 a.m., Willesden Junction 8.25 a.m., &c., for Shrewsbury, Rhyl, Corwen, Abergelle, Colwyn Bay, Llandudno, Conway, Penmaenmawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Bettws-y-coed, Llanrwst, Blaenau Ffestiniog, Llanberis (for Snowdon), Carnarvon, Welshpool, Llanidloes, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Towyn, Aberdovey, Borth, Aberystwyth, Cricieth, Pwllheli, Portmadoc, Harlech, Newtown, Oswestry, &c., returning on the following Monday, Monday week, or Monday fortnight.

For fares and full particulars see small bills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or town parcels receiving offices.

London, August, 1894.

FRED HARRISON, General Manager.



## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

**AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.**—Special Cheap Return Tickets will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 3, 4, and 5, to and from London and the Seaside, available for return on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, Aug. 5, 6, 7, or 8, as per special bills.

**PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, SATURDAY, Aug. 4.**—Leaving London Bridge 9 a.m., Victoria 9 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m. (First and Second Class only.) Excursion Tickets (First, Second, and Third Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m. and London Bridge 9 p.m. on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 6, inclusive. Returning from Paris 9 p.m. on any day within fourteen days of the date of issue. Fares: First Class, 39s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 26s.

**BRIGHTON.—FRIDAY, SATURDAY, AND SUNDAY TO SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY, or WEDNESDAY.**—Cheap Return Tickets to Brighton will be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Aug. 3, 4, and 5, by all Trains, according to class, from Victoria, Clapham Junction, and Balham; from Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea; and from London Bridge, New Cross, Brockley, Honor Oak Park, and Forest Hill.

Returning by any Train, according to class, on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday. Return Fares from London, 14s., 8s. 6d., and 6s. 4d.

**EVERY SUNDAY CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAINS** from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

**SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS** on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 4, 5, and 6, from London Bridge direct, and from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.

**BANK HOLIDAY, MONDAY, AUG. 6.**—Cheap Day Excursions from London to Brighton, Lewes, Newhaven, Seaford, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Havant, Portsmouth, Southsea, and the Isle of Wight.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT TRAINS DIRECT** to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), Clapham Junction, &c., as required by the traffic.

**FOR** full particulars see Time Books, Programmes, and Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Ludgate Circus Office, and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.

(By order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.—AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

For full particulars of the USUAL EXTENSION of all RETURN TICKETS, &c., see handbills.

## CHANNEL ISLANDS.

**EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS** will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from Waterloo at 9.35 p.m., available to return the following Saturday, Monday week, Saturday week, or Monday fortnight. Return Fare, Third Class by rail and Fore Cabin by steamer, 24s. 6d.

**CHEAP TRAINS** will leave Waterloo Station as under, calling at principal Stations—

TO THE WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH AND SOUTH DEVON, AND

NORTH CORNWALL.

**EXPRESS EXCURSION, FRIDAY NIGHT.**

At 10.15 p.m., to EXETER, Devonport, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, &c., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

## EVERY SATURDAY.

At 8 a.m., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to PLYMOUTH, Devonport, Exeter, Exmouth, Lynton, Ilfracombe, &c.

At 8.20 a.m., for 3 days (to certain Stations), 8, 10, 15, or 17 days to MARLBOROUGH, Cheltenham, Salisbury, Seaton, Sidmouth, &c.

At 9 a.m. to BURNHAM, Highbridge, Bridgwater, &c.

At 11.45 a.m. to BATH, Shepton Mallet, Blandford, &c.

At 3.40 p.m., **EXPRESS EXCURSION** for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SALISBURY, Sidmouth, Exeter, Devonport, Plymouth, Ilfracombe, &c.

## THE NEW FOREST AND COASTS OF HAMPSHIRE AND DORSET.

At 10.10 a.m. to WINCHESTER, Southampton West, Brockenhurst, Christchurch, and Bournemouth, for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

At 12.5 noon, for 3, 10, or 17 days, to WEYMOUTH and DORCHESTER, and for 10 or 17 days to Bournemouth, Poole, Swanage, Lymington (for Yarmouth and Freshwater), New Forest, &c.

## PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

**FOUR DAYS' EXCURSIONS** as follows: At 1.15 p.m., for PORTSMOUTH, via Direct Line, Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, &c.

At 1.20 p.m., for SOUTHAMPTON, Cowes, Newport, Salisbury, Winchester, &c.

At 3.40 p.m., **EXPRESS SERVICE** to RYDE, and Stations in the Isle of Wight (Bembridge and St. Helens excepted), 12s. Tickets for 8 or 11 days will also be issued to Stations in the Isle of Wight.

For full particulars and times of Return Trains, see handbills, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Offices, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

## SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

## SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS

**ANTWERP.**—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m., 10 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 8.15 p.m., via Ostend; 8 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class only) and 8.15 p.m., via Calais. 41s. 2d. (1st Class), 30s. 4d. (2nd Class), 20s. (3rd Class), via Ostend; 57s. (1st Class), 42s. 3d. (2nd Class), 26s. 6d. (3rd Class), via Calais. Tickets available for 30 days. These Tickets will be issued commencing Aug. 1.

**BOULOGNE.**—Charing Cross, dep. 3.5 p.m., Cannon Street 3.12 p.m., London Bridge 3.16 p.m., and New Cross 3.22 p.m. 21s. (1st Class), 12s. 6d. (3rd Class). Saturday, Aug. 4. Returning at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Tickets will be issued on Aug. 2, 3, and 4, available until Aug. 9. 27s. 6d. (1st Class), 15s. 6d. (3rd Class).

**BRUSSELS, via Calais.**—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. or 8.15 p.m. 54s. (1st Class), 40s. 6d. (2nd Class), 25s. 9d. (3rd Class) (8.15 p.m. Train only). Aug. 3 to 6, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**BRUSSELS, via Ostend.**—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10 a.m., 5.35 p.m. (1st and 2nd Class only), and 8.15 p.m. 40s. 7d. (1st Class), 30s. 1d. (2nd Class), 19s. 11d. (3rd Class). Aug. 3 to 6, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**CALAIS** and Back on Bank Holiday.—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8 a.m. 18s. (1st Class), 10s. 6d. (3rd Class). Returning at 9 p.m. same day, or 1.30 a.m. following day (Tuesday). Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets will be issued on Aug. 4. 22s. (1st Class), 13s. 6d. (3rd Class).

**OSTEND.**—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 10 a.m., 5.35 p.m., and 8.15 p.m. 32s. 6d. (1st Class), 25s. 6d. (2nd Class). Aug. 3 to 6, inclusive. Tickets available for eight days.

**PARIS.**—Charing Cross and Cannon Street, dep. 8.15 p.m. 37s. 6d. (2nd Class), 30s. (3rd Class). Aug. 1 to 6, inclusive. Tickets available for 14 days.

## CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS TO

ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, SHEERNESS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, DEAL, WALMER, ASHFORD, HYTHE, SANDGATE, SHORNCLIFFE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c., from LONDON and NEW CROSS. Fares there and back (3rd Class).

## BANK HOLIDAY.

ASHFORD ... 3s. 6d.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS ... 4s. 0d.  
OTHER STATIONS ... 5s. 0d.  
ROCHESTER, CHATHAM, and SHEERNESS ... 2s. 6d.

**SPECIAL TRAINS** for HAYES, BLACKHEATH, GREENWICH, GRAVESEND (for ROSHERVILLE GARDENS), &c.

Cheap Tickets from Country Stations to the Seaside and other Stations. Various special alterations and arrangements. For particulars of Extension of Time for Return Tickets, Return Times of Excursions, &c., see Holiday Programme and bills.

MYLES FENTON, General Manager.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.  
SUMMER TRAIN SERVICES.

## THE MOST INTERESTING ROUTE TO SCOTLAND,

Embracing the  
Best parts of the Land of Burns; the Home and Haunts of Sir Walter Scott;  
The FORTH BRIDGE, &c., on the Direct Line of Route.  
The FORTH BRIDGE has materially shortened the distance between England and the North of Scotland.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) dep.	5 15	5 15	10 30	10 35	2 10	9 15	9 20	
Bristol	1 03	1 03	8 30	9 10	12 20	7 50	7 50	
Birmingham	6 5	6 5	11 10	11 35	2 40	10 30	10 30	
Nottingham	7 35	7 35	11 37	1 8	4 37	11 50	11 53	
Liverpool (Exchange)	9 35	10 0	1 40	2 25	5 45	12 35	12 35	
Manchester (Victoria)	9 35	10 0	1 50	2 30	5 45	12 45	12 45	
Dumfries	2 6	5 44	7 20	9 39	...	5 27	...	
Kilmarnock	3 20	6 59	...	10 49	...	6 49	...	
Ayr	4 50	7 38	...	11 34	...	8 0	...	
GLASGOW (St. Enoch)	3 55	7 35	...	11 25	...	7 30	...	
Greenock	5 35	8 15	...	12 18	...	8 22	...	
Melrose	2 50	...	7 20	...	5 45	...	...	
Oban	...	...	...	12 14	...	...	...	
EDINBURGH (Waverley)	3 55	...	8 20	...	6 45	...	...	
Perth	5 58	...	10 30	...	8 37	...	...	
Dundee	6 10	...	10 35	...	8 50	...	...	
Aberdeen	8 40	...	12 30	...	11 0	...	...	
Inverness	...	...	6 10	...	2 40	...	...	
Stranraer	5 38	8 7	9 57	...	...	...	...	
BELFAST	...	10 45	...	...	...	...	...	

**PILLOWS SUPPLIED IN THE NIGHT EXPRESS TRAINS.**

Pillows may be hired by travellers (First and Third Class) by the Night Mails and Express Trains from London (St. Pancras), Manchester (Central and Victoria Stations), Liverpool (Central and Exchange Stations), Derby, and Bristol. Charge—6d. each pillow.

\* First and Third Class Dining Carriages to Glasgow by these Trains.

A—Via Stranraer and Larne (Shortest Sea Passage). B—No connection to this Station on Sundays by this Train. C—Monday mornings excepted.

\* **EXTENDED DINING ARRANGEMENTS IN THE SCOTCH EXPRESSES.**

**FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES** are now running between LONDON (St. Pancras) and GLASGOW (St. Enoch) in each direction, ON BOTH MORNING AND AFTERNOON EXPRESSES, leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m. and 2.10 p.m., and Glasgow (St. Enoch) at 10 a.m. and 1.30 p.m. TABLE D'HOTE, TEA, and other refreshments served en route.

## WESTERN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

**THROUGH CARRIAGES RUN BETWEEN LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and GREENOCK,** conveying Tourists from London and all parts of the Midland Railway System for the Firth of Clyde and the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland.

**SPECIAL DAYLIGHT SERVICE TO ROTHESAY, VIA GREENOCK (PRINCE'S PIER).**

A Daylight Service throughout to the Highlands and Watering Places on the Firth of Clyde will be given during July and August, from London (St. Pancras) at 10.30 a.m., arriving at Greenock at 8.15 p.m., in time to join the G. S. and W. Railway Company's Steamer reaching Rothesay at 9 p.m.

## OTHER HOLIDAY RESORTS.

For particulars of the Summer Train Arrangements to the Peak of Derbyshire, the English Lakes, and other Tourist Resorts, see other notices. Programmes, &c., may be had on application at Midland Stations, or to the Superintendent of the Line, Derby.

**NEW FIRST AND THIRD CLASS DINING CARRIAGES** between London and Glasgow (see note above).

**LUNCHEON, DINING, and SLEEPING SALOON CARS** by some of the Express Trains from and to London (St. Pancras).

**FIRST AND THIRD CLASS LAVATORY CARRIAGES** on all principal Midland Express Trains.

**FAMILY SALOONS, INVALID CARRIAGES, ENGAGED COMPARTMENTS, &c.,** arranged on application.

## SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

**ILLUSTRATED POCKET GUIDE TO THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.** Price 3d. **POCKET TOURIST GUIDE TO THE HOLIDAY RESORTS IN THE BRITISH ISLES.** Illustrated. Price 3d. **LIST OF FURNISHED LODGINGS IN FARMHOUSES AND COUNTRY DISTRICTS** served by the Midland Railway System. Price 1d. These Guides, as well as Time-Tables, Tourist Programmes, American and Continental Folders, and other Publications, may be had on application at the Midland Stations and Agencies, to the Superintendent of the Line, or to Derby, August, 1894. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

## BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.

**FRIDAY NIGHT, Aug. 3, for 5 or 11 Days, to STIRLING, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c.**

**SATURDAY, Aug. 4, for 1, 3, or 4 Days, to SKEGNESS, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe, and for 6 Days to CAMBRIDGE, Wisbech, Lynn, Cromer, Norwich, Yarmouth, Leicester, Nottingham, Derby, Burton, Tutbury, Stoke, Huddersfield, Manchester, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, &c.**

**SATURDAY NIGHT, Aug. 4, for 8 Days, to DARLINGTON, Newcastle, Durham, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.**

**SUNDAY, MIDNIGHT, Aug. 5, for 2 Days, to MANCHESTER.** Third Class Return Fare, 10s.

For further particulars, see bills, to be obtained at the Stations and Town Offices.

London, King's Cross, August, 1894. HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.

## GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

## CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Via Weymouth and the Shortest Sea Passage.

**EVERY SATURDAY, until further notice, CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS** will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY from PADDINGTON at 9.15 p.m. for 8, 10, 15, or 17 days. RETURN FARE, THIRD CLASS and Fore Cabin, 24s. 6d.

3, 10, or 17 Days in NORTH WALES.

**WEEKLY EXCURSIONS TO SHREWSBURY, ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, RHYL, LLANDUDNO, &c.**

**EVERY SATURDAY, until Sept. 29, CHEAP EXCURSION Trains** will leave PADDINGTON STATION at 8.10 a.m. for SHREWSBURY, Oswestry, Borth, ABERYSTWYTH, Llangollen, Corwen, Bala, Blaenau Ffestiniog, DOLGELLY, BARMOUTH, Harlech, Criccieth, RHYL, LLANDUDNO, Conway, Bettws-y-Coed, Bangor, CARNARVON, Llanberis (for Snowdon), &c., returning on the following Monday, Monday week, or Monday fortnight.

Tickets, Pamphlets, and Lists of Farmhouse and Country Lodgings in Dorset, Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall can be obtained at the Company's Stations and at the usual Receiving Offices.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

## QUICK CHEAP ROUTE to DENMARK, SWEDEN, and

**NORWAY, via HARWICH and ESBJERG.**—The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Parkston Quay) for Esbjerg every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the Train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 9 a.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9 a.m. Train from Copenhagen. Return Fares: Esbjerg, 53s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships Koldinghuus and Nidaros. These fast Steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers and carry no cattle. For further information, address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London, or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.



# JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## XXIII.—MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, OF "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

The Fourth Estate has many brilliant young men on its scroll, but few who have given more rapid and enduring evidence of journalistic genius than Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, the editor and proprietor of the widely

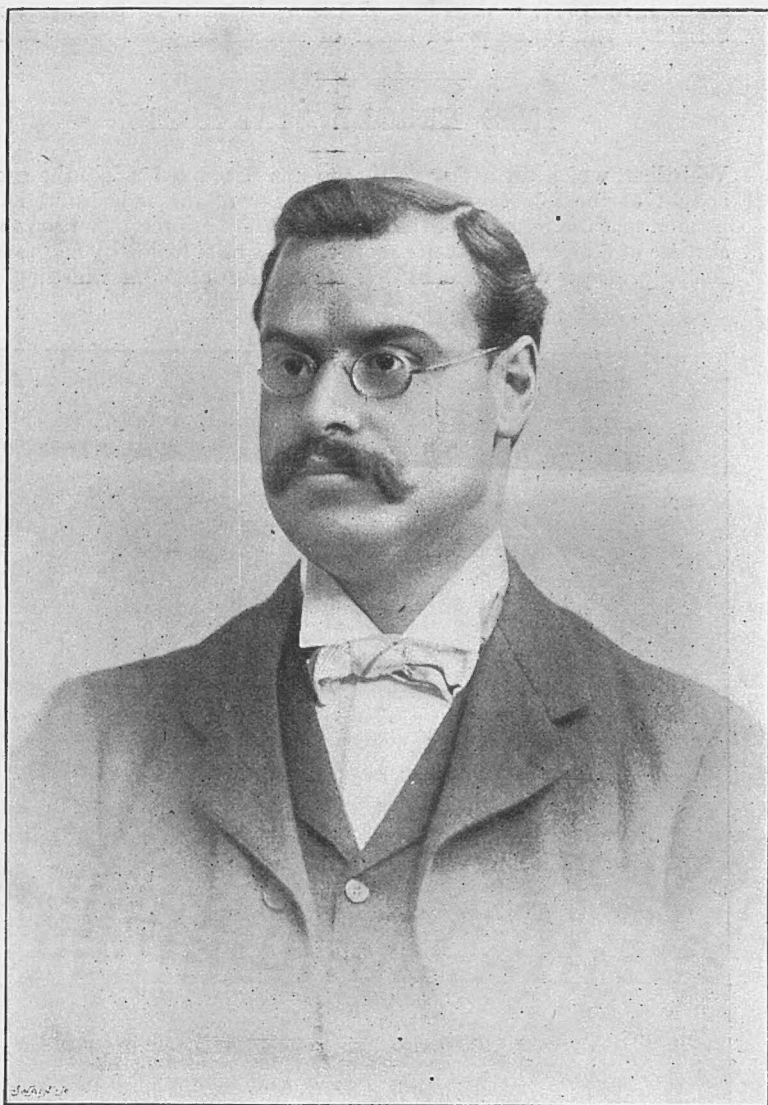


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

read paper which bears his name. If *Pearson's Weekly* has not yet the largest circulation of journals of its class, the proprietor can lay the unction to his soul that, age for age—and age is one of the great factors where circulation is concerned—it surpasses any other, and, further, that at one period in its history it attained a weekly circulation far and away above that of any paper the world has seen. The missing-word competitions, which Mr. Pearson evolved, were responsible for a spasm of national speculation which has not yet been forgotten. Historians make much of the South Sea Bubble, and if future ones omit any reference to the missing-word mania they will leave an exciting epoch unrecorded. During the few weeks for which this craze lasted no less than £175,000 was received by Mr. Pearson, and distributed among the competitors, while the circulation of *Pearson's Weekly* rose to the appalling total of 1,250,000 copies!

Curiously enough, this was the first topic on which we touched (writes a *Sketch* representative) when I interviewed Mr. Pearson the other day in his handsome offices in Henrietta Street. Mr. Pearson had just returned from a long and extended tour in the United States, where he had paid the same penalty of greatness which I was exacting from him. He held in his hand a sheaf of papers, every one of which showed that my American *confrères* had scalped him right and left.

"Yes," he said, smiling; "the Americans were very anxious to make my acquaintance. They played the missing-word business for all it was worth; but, strangely enough, not a single paper succeeded in making it go. The missing-word competitions fell as flat as ditch-water, and, consequently, I found myself exalted above my deserts. They regarded the missing-word boom as a great journalistic achievement, and were particularly anxious to see the man who had succeeded where they had failed."

"How did the competitions originate?" I asked.

"Well, it is a long and somewhat ancient story, but perhaps your readers may like to hear it. About a year before the missing-word competitions began, I was inundated with advertisements of counting

competitions. The competitors were requested to count the number of 't's' or 'd's' in a passage of Scripture, or the dots in a pictorial box of oranges, and send the result to the advertiser with a shilling postal order. I saw that an element of fraud entered into these competitions, and I determined to start a counting competition in which all the money subscribed should be given to the people who had won it. I did so, but quickly discovered that either a large number of people sent in correct answers, or that the problem was too difficult for anyone to solve it. Accordingly, I changed the competition to a missing-word contest. At first very few people took any interest in it, and it was not until ten months had gone that public attention was widely called to the competition. Just then, half-a-dozen competitors received £73 each, and immediately the *furor* commenced. Every week the number of contestants doubled, and the last week of the competition the 'pool' amounted to no less than £40,000 in the three papers in which I had these contests running. During the whole run £175,000 was subscribed and divided among the winners. It was a rather curious fact that, though some two hundred papers published in the British Isles imitated my idea, the amount subscribed collectively to their pools by the public did not reach one-fourth of the amount sent in for mine."

"The expenses must have been enormous," I remarked.

"They were," assented Mr. Pearson. "During the closing weeks I was paying £500 a-week in wages—500 women, at £1 each per week. The sales ran up to 1,250,000, and I was put to enormous expense in getting out sufficient copies. I had eight printing firms working night and day, and you know what that means. I should have been able to meet the expenses by the increased revenue from advertisements but for the fact that nearly all my advertisements were 'contracts,' and, accordingly, I could only obtain the price agreed upon."

"And the result?"

"When the thing fizzled down, the circulation was about 40,000 copies a week higher than it was when the craze commenced. I think, however, this increase would have taken place in the absence of any such boom, so I am justified in saying that the missing-word craze did not add a single copy to the circulation."

All the world knows how this extraordinary mania ended. Fortunately for the reputation of the paper and its intrepid editor, the enormous sum of money which had been impounded was satisfactorily distributed among those who were entitled to it, and thus concluded one of the most exciting epochs in the history of British journalism.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and the editor of *Pearson's Weekly* is one of the most inspiring examples of Shakspeare's wisdom. When Mr. Pearson entered the employment of Mr. George Newnes the journalistic field was white with the multitude of papers striving to wrest some of the popularity of *Tit-Bits*. One by one they succumbed to the inanition which a dietary of paste alone involves, and the ranks were thinned until only one important competitor—*Answers*—was left. When Mr. Pearson had been six and



MR. KEARY, MR. PEARSON'S CHIEF ASSISTANT.

a-half years with Mr. Newnes, *Tit-Bits* was flourishing like a green bay-tree over the graves of its fallen foes. The tide was at the flood, and, severing himself from his first and only employer, young Pearson flung himself into the waters which had swallowed up so many of his opponents. But like Minerva he sprang mail-clad from the head of Jove. He entered the fray with the full knowledge of the host arrayed against him, and in four



months' time he placed on a firm and prosperous footing one of the biggest vehicles of culture and amusement which is published in these islands.

"It was a hard struggle," he told me as his thoughts flew back to the early days of *Pearson's Weekly*, "but once the paper got upon its feet the circulation went up by leaps and bounds."

Mr. Pearson has a large permanent staff at work in his commodious offices, for he believes in the principle of filling the columns of his several papers as much as possible without help from outside. His chief literary assistant is Mr. Peter Keary, whom he found sub-editing *Tit-Bits* when he joined Mr. Newnes' staff, and who left this responsible post to help him establish *Pearson's Weekly*. Mr. Pearson makes no secret of the fact that without Mr. Keary's invaluable aid his paper would never have succeeded in weathering the storm through which all new journalistic craft have to battle their way, and it is one of his proudest boasts that during the eleven years they have worked together Mr. Keary and he have never had a disagreement.

Other prominent members of the literary staff are Mr. P. W. Everett, who was one of the highest wranglers in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos of 1892, and a Scholar of Trinity College, and who attends largely to the illustrations and the mysteries of "making up"; Mr. A. W. Woodward, who chiefly concerns himself with short stories; Mr. George Griffith, who, as readers of *The Sketch* will remember, has just lowered the record round the world by ten days, in the interests of "P. W.," and who has made himself a high reputation as an imaginative novelist by his brilliant romances, "The Angel of the Revolution" and "The Syren of the Skies"; Mr. C. D. Lucas, who is great at interviewing, and Mr. F. J. Lamburn, who writes quips and jestlets. I really ought to have made mention before of Miss Maud Bennett (better known under her pseudonym, "Isobel") and her sisters Gertrude and Ethel, who, with Miss Keary, preside over the destinies of "Home Notes." The business manager, Mr. J. M. Bathgate, is a young Scotchman, with all the proverbial hard-headedness of his race, and he is ably seconded by the chief cashier, Mr. J. Stone. The tremendous correspondence—it is no unusual thing for ten thousand letters to arrive by one delivery—is looked after by Mr. E. Kessell, who, at *Tit-Bits* office, and in his present capacity, has worked with Mr. Pearson for the last ten years, and a staff of assistants. Mr. Pearson believes in lady clerks, and has some fifteen of them employed in various capacities. He is also a great user of the typewriter, and has about twenty of these time-savers always working away.

It is a staff of young men, but Mr. Pearson laughingly declares that he doesn't wish to "boss" men old enough to be his father—and no patriarchs are needed for this qualification—so, with one or two exceptions, thirty marks the high-level of age.

Then we talked of the many and varied schemes which are nowadays put in operation for increasing the circulation of journals, and I learned that Mr. Pearson attaches very little importance to prize competitions. He is very definite on this point. Apart from the missing-word competition, he does not believe that the prizes he has offered from time to time have sent up the circulation one copy. A paper must rely upon its intrinsic worth rather than the extrinsic glitter of prize-money.

"I hear great things of your latest paper, *Home Notes*," I said. "Has the result justified expectations?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Pearson, with great heartiness; "I am very proud of it. It is a paper which appeals to women with homes. It is strictly utilitarian—full of real, solid, useful information. Since it was started, the circulation has increased at the rate of 5000 copies per week. Advertisers will scarcely believe the figures, and to convince them I throw open my books for their inspection. The circulation this week is 185,000 copies, and this is unquestionably a 'record' for a penny paper scarcely six months old."

"By-the-way," added Mr. Pearson, with a smile, "the size of the paper was a pure fluke. It was meant to be a sixteen-page paper, just double the present size. When the 'dummy' came from the printers they had doubled it, and the shape struck me so agreeably that I adopted it."

Then we wandered over the handsome building which Mr. Pearson has erected in Henrietta Street, and stopped in the counting-house to admire what is certainly the very finest specimen of agatised wood in these islands. It is the trunk of a huge tree from Chalcedony Park, Arizona, and what was once wood is now a brilliant mass of gems.

"Don't forget this," says Mr. Pearson, as he points to a collecting-box, which rears its head over the petrified monarch, and on which I read "Pearson's Fresh-Air Fund." "Perhaps some of the readers of *The Sketch* may like to help me this year. Last year we sent 40,000 London children into the country, and this year I have guaranteed a holiday for 5000 children in Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Belfast, and Dublin, and I hope to send 35,000 London children for a gala day in Epping Forest, making a grand total of 60,000 brightened little lives. It is absolutely the only charitable fund in existence where every farthing subscribed goes to the people for whom it is subscribed. Not a single penny is spent in organisation—*Pearson's Weekly* and the Ragged School Union 'standing the racket' of the expenses of staff, shelters, &c. Every ninepence I receive pays for a child's day out—threepence for its fare, sixpence for its food."

The editor of *Pearson's Weekly* is one of the hardest workers in London, but, like the editor of *Tit-Bits*, he works hard and plays hard. He is an alert, active, athletic man of twenty-eight years, with a round, cheery, sunburnt face, which reminds you more of the cricket field than the editor's den. The "pale cast of thought" which some editors

possess has been chased away by the exuberance of his physical vitality. He lives in a delightful house at Shere, near Guildford, and when Saturday comes round he gives full fling to his athletic inclinations. Then you can see him cantering over the Surrey downs on horseback, or defying the local Spofforths with his bat. Every form of physical recreation that can be enjoyed in the open air is Mr. Pearson's delight, and when the members of his staff start a cricket or football club they find him one of their most ardent supporters. Mr. Pearson is the son of an Essex clergyman, the Rector of Springfield, near Chelmsford. He was educated at Winchester College, where he succeeded in carrying off more than his share of prizes, both for school work and athletics. He married, in 1886, a daughter of Canon Bennett, of Shrewton, near Salisbury, and is the proud father of three little girls. H. A.

### MISS ERROLL STANHOPE.

Whistling, which till a few years ago was accounted solely the special delight of the idle schoolboy, the privilege of the industrious house-painter, and the resource of the becalmed sailor, has recently risen to the altitude of a high art, and, necessarily, it has been scaled by fair woman. *Facile princeps* was, undoubtedly, Mrs. Alice Shaw in whistling, but



Photo by F. Dickens, Sloane Street, S.W.

MISS ERROLL STANHOPE.

Miss Erroll Stanhope may be said to come in a good second. In one respect Miss Stanhope distances "La Belle Siffleuse," as she does all other competitors, by producing a whistle three notes higher. Miss Stanhope's register is from C natural to C sharp. This young lady (writes a representative) might well assume the title of "La Siffleuse Charmante," for she possesses *un air spirituel* and is very captivating. She made a hit in "King Kodak," when she whistled nightly to a double encore a composition of her own and "By the Swanee River." Miss Stanhope has whistled from babyhood, and when she was old enough to appreciate the theatre she appropriately became enamoured of the airs in "H.M.S. Pinafore," listening to the music every Saturday afternoon, and filling the nursery with the whistled notes of "Pretty Little Buttercup." In short petticoats, with her hair hanging down her back, she whistled her first solo in public at the Polytechnic, where she was recalled six times by 2000 students, who vociferously repealed the edict of the chairman against any encores. The same enthusiasm has attended Miss Stanhope's appearance at a number of "At Homes" and concerts, and very shortly she will be fulfilling various provincial engagements. No effort seems to attend her performance; indeed, she speaks of whistling and of playing the flute, of which instrument she is very proficient, as decided aids in all pulmonary difficulties, although she is herself not troubled with these. Miss Stanhope comes of a musical family. Probably her hereditary talent enabled her to write a children's opera when she was only thirteen, and to accompany on the flute her father, a well-known violinist, when she was a little older.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen is to arrive at Balmoral on Saturday, Aug. 25, and her Majesty intends to stay in Scotland until the middle of November. On Thursday afternoon the Queen drove from Osborne to Newport, in order to visit the Exhibition of the Isle of Wight Agricultural Society, which was being held in the Nine Acres. The Queen, who was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived shortly before five o'clock, the royal carriage being drawn by four greys, with postillions and outriders in the royal livery. A second carriage conveyed some members of the household in waiting, and in a third carriage were some of the Indian domestics, gorgeously arrayed in Oriental garb.

The Queen entertained an exceptionally large number of guests during the recent residence at Windsor. With one or two exceptions, all the invitations were the usual "dine and sleep" ones, the guests arriving just in time to dress for dinner, and leaving again next morning after breakfast. Invitations to the Castle are usually sent out by the Master of the Household, Sir John Cowell, but occasionally they come from the office of the Lord Chamberlain, to whom the necessary instructions have been telegraphed from Windsor. Very short notice is given, and sometimes the royal "command" only reaches a guest on the afternoon of the day upon which he is expected at the Castle. The Queen's guests generally travel by the 6.30 from Paddington, and on arriving at the visitors' entrance to the Castle are received by the pages of the chamber, who have a list of the guests expected and their respective apartments. The only personal intercourse between a guest and her Majesty takes place after dinner in the corridor, where the Queen always converses for a few moments with each visitor in succession, and, after having gone round the circle, she bows and retires for the night. After the Queen's departure the guests adjourn to one of the drawing-rooms, of which there are three at Windsor, the Red, White, and Green. These rooms contain some exquisite Chippendale carvings and some unique cabinets. In the Green Drawing-Room is a Sèvres dessert service which is said to be worth £50,000.

According to the latest arrangements, the Emperor of Germany is now expected to arrive at Cowes on Monday next, and will live on board the Hohenzollern during his stay in the Solent. During the week the Emperor will be occupied with the races in which his yacht, the Meteor, is to take part. On Thursday his Majesty is to dine at the R.Y.S. Castle with the members of the club, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian will also be present. On Friday it is expected that his Majesty will give a dinner party on board the royal yacht, and on Saturday there will be a dinner party at Osborne. On Monday week the Emperor will probably leave again for Germany; but his Majesty's movements are always uncertain. Lord Rosebery is to be the guest of the Queen at Osborne during the Imperial visit. Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Commerell, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, is to be in attendance on the German Emperor during his visit, this arrangement having been made at the request of his Majesty.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, who are the guests of the Duke of Richmond for the Goodwood Meeting, will proceed by special train on Friday from Chichester to Portsmouth Harbour, where they will embark on board the royal yacht Osborne, which is to carry them to Cowes. They will stay in the Solent for about a fortnight, living, as usual, on board the royal yacht.

The Prince of Wales has a very fine colt by St. Simon at Sandringham, with which he hopes to win the Derby in 1895. The colt is unquestionably one of great promise, and it is stated on excellent authority that his Royal Highness recently refused a bid of 3000 guineas for him.

It is not generally known that Mr. Heath, who came over in the suite of the Czarevitch, and was in old days English tutor to the Czar's family, is a very trusted member of the Russian household. On international questions Mr. Heath is invariably consulted by the Czar, and no man living is more conversant with the foreign policy of Russia. In appearance Mr. Heath is a typical Englishman, and his long residence in Russia has not removed any of the national characteristics, either of manner or bearing.

The visit of the Czarevitch to our shores came to an end on Tuesday, last week, when he left Cowes for Copenhagen on board his beautiful yacht, the Polar Star, which is probably the most expensive ship afloat, as well as the most luxurious. All the fittings are of silver, and the masts are decorated with fine brass work. The crew is a picked one, and composed of as fine a set of seamen as could be gathered together anywhere. They have on board the Polar Star a peculiar method of signalling, and the bells sounded pleasantly after those dreadful "sirens," of which the river seemed full. The "siren" is a diabolical improvement upon the steam-whistle, and is the wind instrument of the river orchestra. As its melancholy boom comes with appalling frequency, it has a most dismal effect upon the nerves.

The talk that the Princess Alix has broken off her engagement with the Czarevitch because she will not renounce the Evangelical religion is nonsense. When the engagement was made, it was, of course, on condition that the Princess should enter the Greek Church. What she objected to was a phrase in the formal declaration required of her, to the effect that the religion of her fathers was "false." This word was struck out, and there is no reason to suppose that any further difficulties of the same nature have arisen.

The interesting old house in the dining-room of which the banker-poet Rogers entertained many a literary celebrity of his day—a house which is situated a few yards south of Lord Salisbury's, and overlooks the pleasant stretch of the Green Park—is in the hands of the workmen, and, after standing empty for many months, is, I understand, likely to be occupied again. The author of "Italy" would hardly know his delightful little residence, so much has been done in the way of improvement, though its characteristics have not been all improved away. One great feature of the alterations is the making of underground offices beneath the little gardens that divide the house from the broad walk on the eastern side of the Green Park—a walk that is dear to many an invalid who dreads the East wind, so beloved by that muscular Christian, the author of "Westward Ho!"

Mr. G. H. Snazelle, who was giving daily entertainments at the Egyptian Hall, has recently returned after five years' absence in the southern half of the globe, where he has met some novel experiences, about to be put into book form. Mr. Snazelle was the first European to educate the natives of the group of islands generically known as Fiji with really good limelight views. He gave at the same time vivid effect by singing various songs, and it is satisfactory to learn that not only have



Photo by Johnstone, O'Shannessy, Melbourne.

MR. G. H. SNAZELLE.

the Fijians given up cannibalism, but that, according to Mr. Snazelle, they are now the gentlest creatures breathing. At all events, they appreciated a good entertainment, even if they had to pay in kind, including such tenders as a live pig for a stall. The entertainment will, no doubt, soon be seen again in London, where it may possibly take a permanent place.

In an enthusiastic article, a few days since, the "largest circulator" recommends the adoption of Devonshire or Herefordshire cider as a universal beverage, and, according to it and to Mr. Radcliffe Cooke, it seems to be a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. When, however, in connection with teetotalers, the writer speaks of the impossibility of the west-country labourer getting drunk on this excellent beverage, it appears to me, as one born and bred in the midst of the cider-making district of South Devon, that he underrates the holding capacity of the said labourer, or the strength of the tippie, or perhaps both. I have seen many a "Devonshire dumpling," whose admiration for the supporting qualities of his county's "particular wanity" had induced him to swallow it, not wisely, but too well, being supported home by his friends, and were that leader-writer and I near a certain old farmhouse on the skirts of Dartmoor, I could, I think, give him a bottle of old cider that would, if he drank the whole of it, keep him quiet for the rest of the afternoon.

There is still hope for the breaker of pledges to the maiden ear. Mr. Falloon, postman, was summoned by Miss Winters, barmaid, at Liverpool, for breach of promise. He pleaded that his health was bad—that he had only one lung, or some defect of that kind. Then why did he promise to marry? The jury did not trouble themselves about this practical question, but non-suited the plaintiff. So if you have only one lung you may be as faithless as Falloon with impunity. Unfortunately, I have two, both painfully sound.

It is not generally known that the present Mayor of Gravesend is a brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, and that the presiding genius of the great "D.T." has a country house near the town.



London playgoers, who have been sweltering in their stalls the last two or three weeks, should envy the lot of the frequenters of a certain new theatre on "the other side," which is being carried on, apparently, quite regardless of expense. During the hot weather the back of each seat has been provided with a palm-leaf fan, and attendants have been busy handing round glasses of pure water, the contents of which have been drawn from artesian wells, and cooled by being passed through a huge tank of ice.

Richard Mansfield, who was over in this country recently, has, it is stated, secured the American rights of "Arms and the Man," which he intends to produce in New York at the beginning of September, and then send out on tour. I shall be curious to know how Transatlantic audiences will take to "G. B. S.'s" "romantic comedy."

At the recent revival of "The Mikado" in New York local colour was introduced with much realism and success. Among the company engaged were seven genuine Japanese damsels, grandiloquently styled the "Imperial Mikado Dancing Girls," who, besides giving a dancing specialty, also drew people in crowds between the acts to the lobby, where they served tea after the manner of Japan.

The manager of the Alcazar at Marseilles clearly knows the value of "actuality" in the entertainment world. He has just produced, under the title of "A Page of History," a sketch dealing with that authenticated episode of the War of 1870 wherein M. Casimir-Perier, the new President of the Republic, while acting as captain of the Mobiles of the Aube at a fight at Bagneux, bravely carried from out a rain of German bullets the body of the mortally-wounded Commandant Dampierre. This scene is very realistically set forth. The piece is, of course, on the lines of the "Nelson," "Wellington," and "Major Wilson" sketches which have lately proved so attractive at London music-halls.

I wonder that so little attention has been paid to a very singular experiment in the way of theatrical performances that has recently been made. The provincial company controlled by Miss Emma Hutchison, a kinswoman, I believe, of Mr. Charles Wyndham, has been giving double performances of popular Criterion comedies, "Brighton" being played at the usual time, eight o'clock, followed at midnight by "Pink Dominos." Of course, people would have to pay separately for each of these performances.

In our fathers' days, and even much more recently, half-price at nine o'clock was the order of things at many theatres, and, quite lately, some of the cheaper London music-halls have started what are called "two-houses-a-night shows," the first audience being regaled with ditties and sketches from half-past six or seven, filing out at nine to make room for "the second house." In West-End circles some of the representations at clubs begin pretty late in the evening, but midnight, I fancy, beats the record as the time for starting.

The new secretary of the Guildhall School of Music is Mr. Hilton Carter, who has been elected by a large majority, out of sixty-nine candidates, in the room of Mr. C. P. Smith, deceased. Mr. Carter will bring to his new work a varied experience, having been secretary of the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music, and for the past year secretary of the London Organ School and International College of Music. In addition to Mr. Carter's seventeen years' previous commercial and clerical experience, his musical knowledge will stand him in good stead, he having been for over four years chief baritone soloist at St. Paul's Church, Kilburn, where the musical arrangements are of a high order.

The following true story of an incident in the life of a genuine Stradivarius violin helps to confirm the opinion I have always held, that if one of these illustrious instruments could only tell its history the result would be one of the most interesting narratives ever related. Joseph Lanner, the great Austrian bandmaster, and father of the no less celebrated *maitresse de ballet*, Madame Katti Lanner, had in his possession a "Strad," of which he was, of course, very proud, and for his performances upon which he was justly noted. At his death the instrument was left to his daughter, and a wealthy English amateur made her a very handsome offer for it. Seeing that it was a treasured souvenir of a dear parent, Madame very naturally refused to part with it, but found great difficulty in deciding how to place it in safe custody. To carry it all over the world with her seemed neither prudent nor desirable, and she accordingly hailed with delight the offer of the manager of a large foreign banking firm to keep it for her in the bank safes. The violin now enjoyed a long spell of rest; but every now and again, at various stages of her triumphant career, Madame would hear from her friend at the bank, saying that the violin was safe, and that if she wanted it at any time she had only to say so. Several years passed, and then suddenly the letters ceased. Shortly afterwards the sensation of a passing hour was that bank manager's suicide. It was the old story. He had gambled with the funds at his disposal, the luck had gone against him, he had made a final effort to clear himself, and, being unable to do so, had shuffled off this mortal coil. Before taking the last plunge he had raised money on all things available, and among them, of course, the famous old "Strad" was too valuable to be spared. Every effort was made to recover it, but in vain; the distance from the country and the apathy of officialism were against all endeavours, and to this hour Madame does not know what has become of the instrument which, under her father's magic touch, had charmed so many thousands of lovers of music.

There was absolutely nothing to write about. I had been closed for extensive alterations and repairs, so that my usual haunts knew me not, and the mildest forms of dissipation were out of the question. As the fatal day upon which I submit the work of a more or less busy week to the editorial eye came round, my nervous anxiety increased, and would, doubtless, have overwhelmed me had I not thought of a way out of my difficulties. I would go and see someone interesting, and let him or her supply me with anecdotes. No sooner said than done: I hailed a fair-priced cab, and, proceeding to Madame Cavallazzi's house, implored her to relate some of her adventures. With a kindness that cannot be too highly commended, the great pantomimist devoted some of her valuable time to recalling incidents of her different foreign tours with the Mapleson Opera Company, and in the course of an hour I had taken sufficient notes to save my reputation for punctuality, and to obviate the necessity of gathering any more news from anywhere. I can find room for one little incident in this paragraph. When the Opera Company was in New York, the fair ladies of that city were bitten by a mania for obtaining the autographs of the different illustrious artists, and would send their books with requests for signatures to be appended. In one of these books Signor Campanini had signed his name, and someone had written after it, "The finest tenor in the world." Shortly afterwards the same book reached Ravelli, whose knowledge of English was rather more peculiar than extensive. He saw the addendum to the signature of his friend, and could not at first understand it. However, somebody explained the meaning to him, and when the owner of the book received it back she found written under the flattering description of Signor Campanini, "Luigi Ravelli, me, too."

While on their travels in the neighbourhood of Salt Lake, the Mapleson Opera Company was delayed by the breakdown of an engine, and the railway manager, while telling Madame Cavallazzi that there would be some few hours' delay, incidentally mentioned that there was a beautiful little trout stream near the neighbouring village. Now, Madame is a most enthusiastic follower of the gentle craft, and no sooner did she hear the news than she summoned her husband and instructed him to take her at once to the home of the trout. They arrived at an inn whose grounds sloped down to the stream. There they were told that no fishing was allowed, but a little pecuniary persuasion produced the permission, as well as a couple of rods. An expert angler, Madame Cavallazzi landed five fish in twice as many minutes, and then, without a minute's warning, a very sudden storm, such as is common in those parts, sent them flying back to cover. They returned to the station, and Madame presented a couple of the fish to Madame Patti, and said she had just caught them. She was immediately surrounded by crowds of the tenors and baritones, congratulating her, and asking her for the whereabouts of the stream, which she unsuspectingly gave them. The storm cleared as rapidly as it had gathered; they had lunch, and then, finding she had still a couple of hours to spare, Madame decided to return and work more havoc among the fish. When she returned, she found a change had "come o'er the spirit of her stream." Instead of the perfect quietness so necessary to those who would ensnare the wily trout, there was a veritable pandemonium. A wild horde of singers had swept down upon the stream, armed with bent pins and pieces of string in lieu of rod and line, and with large pieces of wood for floats. Heaven only knows what they had hoped to catch, but, not meeting with instantaneous success, they were beating the water in all directions, and screaming, singing, and laughing in such a way that the fish—evidently unused to operatic vocalism—had gone miles away. What wonder that the vials of Madame's wrath were poured out upon the hapless would-be fisher-folk, or that she told one of those distinguished tenors, whose name I withhold out of respect, that Providence had blessed him with a fine voice to the utter exclusion of any common-sense!

One can afford a smile over reminiscences of past dangers, but while they are occurring, and you are not quite sure whether you yourself will be much more than a reminiscence in the near future, it is a very different matter. While the Mapleson Company was at New Orleans, which even to-day is only half civilised, and was then much worse, a murder was committed one night just under Madame Cavallazzi's window. She heard the cry of the murdered man, guessed what was going on, and in the morning, though the body had been removed, a ghastly stain remained to testify the dreadful truth. In the quiet repose of restful England these things are impossible even to realise. This was not the only exciting event in New Orleans. The company was performing at the San Carlo Theatre, and Madame Patti was singing in "La Traviata." One night, just before the curtain was about to rise on the last act, there was a deafening crash, followed by the dreaded cry of "Fire!" Instantly there was a stampede from the dressing-rooms and a scene of indescribable confusion. The only one to keep her presence of mind was Madame Patti's dresser, who followed her mistress on to the stage with the costume she had to wear, and, despite the alarm that prevailed, methodically dressed the great artist as though nothing was the matter. In a few minutes tranquillity was restored, and the performers were told that the noise that had so startled them was due to the collapse of one of the columns in the front of the house. Despite this satisfactory explanation, a rumour soon got abroad that the confusion had been designed by some of the light-fingered gentry of New Orleans, who wished, under cover of a scare, to possess themselves of Madame Patti's diamonds. As the San Carlo Theatre offered certain facilities for more scares, and La Diva did not enter heartily into the spirit of the thieves' jokes, the scene of operatic operations was changed to the Opéra Français, and after that there was no more trouble.



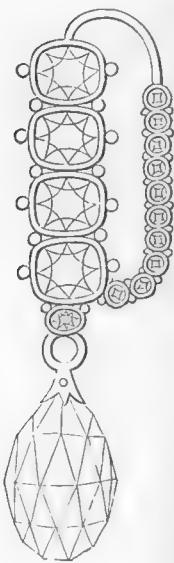
BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



MISS HAROLD.

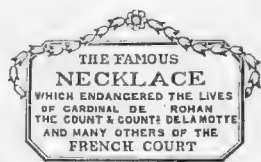
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A few days ago, at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, in New Bond Street, I saw a pair of eardrops that had once caressed the cheek of one of the most beautiful, one of the most unfortunate of queens—jewels that conjured up visions of Cardinal de Rohan, of De Charny, and of Joseph Balsamo, or Cagliostro, as he preferred to be called, for they had been



purchased by Marie Antoinette at about the same time as she accepted that historic diamond necklace the existence of which helped to alter the destinies of France, and gave to the word-conjurer, Dumas, a title for one of his most fascinating romances. The eardrops, as they now repose on white velvet at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, are but a portion of the original ornaments. They are the pendants, and consist of a great, pear-shaped stone of magnificent lustre and brilliant whiteness, each about the size of a small filbert, perfectly matched, and cut, not only on the front, but on every side of the stone. It is not surprising that the young Queen was tempted by them when they were shown to her by the Court jeweller, Böhmen, whose price for them was 360,000 francs—about £14,000. At that time the ornaments had tops, each top consisting of four beautiful diamonds, and so heavy were they that they were worn, not in the ear, but hooked over it, that portion of the hook which showed being set with small brilliants. These tops are still in existence, but they are not for sale. Nearly fifty years ago these jewels, in their present state, were in possession of the firm who are now, for a second time, prepared to dispose of them. The price asked is £13,000, and, considering the wonderful beauty of the stones and the

historic interest that attaches to them, there is little doubt that a buyer will be forthcoming. These jewels have, I understand, been inspected by the Queen, and duly admired by that royal connoisseur. By-the-way, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell have in their possession a most interesting



pencil drawing made from the original "Queen's necklace," which cost £56,000, and which was broken up and all its glorious stones dispersed many long years ago. It is supposed to have been an absolutely unique assemblage of brilliants of the very finest quality.

Mr. James Corbett, pugilist, has an Irish uncle who is a clergyman—of what denomination is not stated. For the benefit of his uncle's chapel, Mr. Corbett gave a performance, whether as a pugilist or as an actor, I do not know. This uncertainty is a serious drawback to the general joy. I was delighted to learn that Mr. Corbett is engaged in good works, and if there was any betting on his entertainment I hope the chapel funds profited by the odds. But what was the entertainment? Perhaps Mr. Corbett adapted it to the occasion by showing how Samson boxed the Philistines. This is a slight variation from the Scriptures, but perfectly excusable, for the sake of the chapel funds. Probably the Rev. Mr. Corbett gave an address illustrating the difference between popular idols of to-day and the idols of Canaan. Of them it is said that eyes have they and see not, noses have they and smell not, feet have they and walk not. To make the contrast more striking, I can imagine that the reverend gentleman added "Fists have they and punch not."

The end of the season is always followed by matrimonial rumours. The engagement of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., to Miss Julia Peel, eldest daughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, has just been announced—and denied promptly. The Baron is one of the wealthiest widowers in the House of Commons, where he has sat, as Member for the Aylesbury division of Buckinghamshire, since 1885. He is an extremely scholarly man, and rivals Lord Acton in his profound knowledge of French history, on which he has written more than once very able articles in the *Nineteenth Century*. The Baron is a popular member of society, his "Saturday to Monday" parties at Waddesdon Manor having acquired a decided *cachet*. The house and grounds of this country seat are remarkably beautiful, and won the admiration of the Queen, who once honoured the Baron with a visit of a few hours' duration. On this occasion he was lavish in his expenditure to delight and charm his royal guest. Members of the Royal Family have often enjoyed Baron "Ferdy's" hospitality, especially the Prince of Wales, with whom he is on particularly intimate terms.

The Baron has been a widower since 1866, when he lost his wife, in whose memory he founded the Evelina Hospital, naming it after her. He has been extremely generous towards this and other philanthropic institutions, and his constituents have much reason to be grateful to their member. To Aylesbury he gave an Institute in the Jubilee year, and it has been sarcastically said that if he were to proffer himself as a Socialist, a Radical, or a Conservative he would be equally successful at the poll. As a matter of fact, he has been a member of the Unionist party since the Home Rule question came on the boards; he rarely troubles the House of Commons with a speech, though not long ago he surprised members with his knowledge of the conditions of various officials in the Post Office. He occasionally has given erudite lectures to his constituents; his accent is slightly foreign, for he is Austrian by birth, and his delivery is extremely rapid. The Baron holds strong views on the temperance question, like many members of the Rothschild family, and the neighbourhood of Waddesdon is particularly free from insobriety owing to its chief landlord's views on the subject. He is a great connoisseur of pictures and artistic things generally, and at most of the great sales Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild may be seen. Mr. Gladstone has constantly enjoyed his conversation at dinner parties, and has frequently been a guest at the Baron's town house, which is in Piccadilly.

I am glad that the Albany Club has discovered the high talents of Mr. Alexander Watson, whose steady progress as a popular reciter is very satisfactory to those who years ago recognised his splendid ability. He has conceived the happy idea of harp accompaniments to certain poems which he recites, and the association of Miss Mary Chatterton, one of our most eminent harpists, thus lends an additional charm to Mr. Watson's programmes. The other day they delighted an audience at the Albany Club with a programme which included various humorous pieces by Mr. Watson, harp solos by Miss Chatterton, and the recital of Adelaide A. Procter's "Legend of Bregenz," Savage's "City of Is," and Longfellow's "Monk Felix," to most appropriate accompaniments. In particular, the rendering of "The City of Is" was very fine, and greatly pleased the audience.

Is it a sign of the times, as some pessimists love to argue, this growing craze for gambling among women, I wonder? The sex has at all times more or less displayed that passion for "a little flutter" which one encounters at every turn to-day, be it at Monte Carlo, or the card-party of social commerce, Sandown, or the less demonstrative delights of the Stock Exchange. Pope knew something about it when he ungallantly called lovely woman—not a spade, but the adjacent article. And, for my part, I do not think they are worse to-day than their great-grand-mamas were in theirs. The custom becomes more universal, that is all, and Sarah enjoys her private excitements below stairs, just as her mistress does above, and I was more than a little fetched, when bringing home a "pony" to a fair friend from the Oaks, to find my man had a similar errand on a smaller scale to perform for her Phyllis. Another proof, if one were needed, of our grand universality of tastes in this enlightened year of grace and gaming.

It appears that as many as 164,948 persons, including 15,590 women and 3221 children, were succoured during last year at the nine night refuges in Paris. French folks, of course, furnished by far the largest proportion, Belgians, Swiss, Germans, and Italians also being fairly well represented. One of the most interesting features of this dolorous list relates to the members of the cultured or artistic professions figuring therein. For instance, there were 137 actors, 43 operatic vocalists, 71 self-styled musicians, 12 pianists, 20 architects, 398 designers, 27 interpreters, 28 journalists, 52 lawyers' clerks, 14 "men of letters," 17 students, and 274 schoolmasters and tutors. A wretched company of failures in the struggle for existence!

Who, I wonder, are the members of the "Order of Neo-Platonists"? An anonymous advertiser invites all persons interested to write to or call at an address up Hampstead way, and the only other information that he gives at the outset appears to state that the Order of Neo-Platonists (why Order?) "seeks to reconcile the philosophies and religions of the world and promote universal love." A noble ideal, truly, but what are the means the advertiser desires to use in order to attain to such an end?

# A CHAT WITH MADAME ALICE GOMEZ.

## THE EURASIAN NIGHTINGALE.

I was sauntering leisurely on my way to Madame Alice Gomez, the Indian cantatrice (writes a *Sketch* representative), when I was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm and drenching rain—an unlooked-for “bolt from the blue”—on a cloudless April morning; so, perforce, I hailed a passing hansom, arriving at my destination, a pretty villa in Maida Vale, some twenty minutes before I was expected.

“Madame was practising; but she would inform her mistress of my coming,” the maid says, and shows me into the morning-room—a fact I for once do not deplore, as, enjoying a feast of music, I listen to the warm, mellow tones, for a fresh, sweet voice floods the house with melody, and soars from note to note with birdlike unconsciousness of effort, while Madame Gomez rehearses a florid operatic aria.

Facing me is a large oil-painting by Wirgmann, which I at once recognise as having hung on the line at the Academy of 1891.

It is a portrait of Madame Gomez in gorgeous crimson velvet—a fine piece of rich, subdued colouring, rather after the mediæval Venetian school—and a speaking likeness, as I afterwards discover, of “The Star of India,” as she is sometimes called.

Too soon my impromptu concert comes to an end, and I am ushered into the drawing-room, where a majestic woman rises from the grand piano. As she steps forward, I notice her characteristically Eastern, graceful, undulating walk. There is little of the Hindu, however, in the upright carriage, the tall, well-developed figure, and I soon discover Madame Gomez disclaims much affinity with the dusky beauties of Hindustan.

After the usual commonplaces have been interchanged, “Come into the Oriental Room,” says my hostess, “we can talk better there”; and she takes me into her boudoir, a low-ceiled, vaulted apartment. A luxurious divan, with Indian fret-work arches built into the wall, extends from one end of the room to the other; three steps lead up to it; it is well lighted by a queer lancet-shaped stained-glass window; brass hanging-lamps swing from the ceiling; there is—or, perhaps, I imagine it—a faint aroma of sandal-wood around us, and as I seat myself, more or less awkwardly, on the divan, I cannot fancy a more appropriate setting for Madame Gomez, and irresistibly the lines descriptive of the chosen one in Prince Siddartha’s radiant pleasure home come to mind—

The soft-stained palms . . . .  
The great arched brows, the parted  
lips, the teeth  
Like pearls a merchant picks to make  
his string,  
The satin-lidded eyes, the lashes  
dropped,  
Sweeping the delicate cheeks.

And, indeed, it is difficult to do justice to this sweet singer’s unique and subtle charms, to her Oriental complexion and cast of countenance, her soft black eyes, and wealth of silken hair in sober, everyday prose.

“Now,” says Madame, with an amused gleam in her dark eyes, “what am I?” Somewhat posed for a reply, I pause for a second, whereat she obligingly answers her own question, “I’m sure you don’t know, so I will tell you. I am a Spanish Eurasian, and was born in Calcutta, ‘the City of Palaces.’ I am very proud of my beautiful birthplace. There is quite a colony of Eurasians in Calcutta, of English, Spanish, German, Asiatic, Armenian, and even Greek descent. My mother is Portuguese, but we speak English, and I consider myself a thorough Briton in thought and sentiment, so that I have little in common with the Hindustani ladies, and still less have my four stalwart brothers, each over six feet in height, with the Brahmins and Mohammedans, for they pride themselves on our Sikh ancestry, the Sikhs being one of the most warlike Eastern races, and possessing a magnificent physique.”

“Are the ladies of the Zenana expert musicians?”

“Well, no, not according to European ideas. Besides, you can hardly call Hindu music melody; it is more a subdued, wailing chant. The enharmonic notation—as, perhaps, you are aware—includes quarter-tones, so Eastern music is strangely weird and mournful to ears unaccustomed to any lesser interval than a half-tone.”

“When did you first discover that you had a voice?”

“I hardly know, my musical gifts developed at such a very early age—in fact, I have sung ever since I can remember. I never had a child’s voice—this I may tell you is a Eurasian peculiarity—so when I was singing out of sight my hearers never knew whether they were listening to a grown-up person or a child. My family are all musical. My mother has a fine, big voice, and still sings. My father played the violin and flute, and one of my brothers, though he has never had a painting lesson in his life, is an artist of some merit. I began studying when sixteen, under Mr. T. H. Webb, then organist of the Calcutta Cathedral, and with the exception of a few finishing lessons from Mr. Shakespeare, Signor Randegger, and poor Madame Trebelli, a few months before she died, he has been my only teacher. I also studied the organ with Mr. Webb, and appeared at his concerts as an amateur. You will be surprised to hear that I was then a high soprano, and sang such operatic rôles as Leonora in ‘Il Trovatore,’ the soprano music in the ‘Messiah,’ ‘Elijah,’ ‘Lobgesang,’ and the like. After a while, to my surprise and that of my tutor, my voice gradually descended to a lower register, and now I am fixed as mezzo-soprano, with an extensive range—what is called an ‘operatic mezzo.’ In 1885 I was advised to come to England, and I have never regretted it. I gave a farewell concert at Calcutta under the patronage of the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin. On my first appearance over here, I met

with a reception far beyond my wildest expectations. My greatest successes have, I think, been at the Albert Hall concerts; but Scotch and Irish audiences are also very lenient, and refreshingly enthusiastic. So far, I have never publicly sung in oratorio, but I am going on an oratorio tour in Australia next March, most probably.”

“Have you ever appeared in opera, Madame Gomez?”

“No, never, though I came to Europe with the intention of singing in grand opera, but I eventually gave up this idea, at my mother’s earnest desire. I then found a capital opening on the concert platform.”

This instance of filial respect, somewhat unusual in an age of “revolting daughters,” makes me suspect Madame Gomez of home-loving tendencies, and prompts the inquiry, “whether she had not felt the separation from her kith and kin a good deal?”

“Oh! yes, intensely. At first I was very, very home-sick; but three years ago I married my master, Mr. T. H. Webb, who had come to England, and settled as a professor of music at Torquay, where he has also established a flourishing orchestral society; and now I have my own home ties here, for,” adds the fond mother, proudly, “I have a little Dorothy, aged two, and a baby boy of seven months. My baby, Dennis, is also named Sims Reeves, his godfather being this veteran artist—still the greatest living master of the art of singing, in my opinion. My little girl already shows signs of being musically inclined.”

“What composers do I prefer?”

Mendelssohn and Schubert, certainly; and Hatton’s ‘Enchantress’ is quite my favourite song.”

My asking Madame Gomez whether she has ever had any notable experience draws forth an emphatic—

“Never. I’m afraid I am hopelessly humdrum, and, on the principle of ‘happy is the woman who has no history,’ I am really glad to say I have had a very even, uneventful, prosperous life. In an age of decadents I’m simply perfectly contented, and so commonplace domesticated that, though I am very fond of singing, I had far rather stay at home and nurse my babies by the fire. But come upstairs and have a look at the little ones,” is Madame’s next suggestion, and forthwith we proceed to regions dedicated to babydom, when I am introduced to gazelle-eyed Dorothy and to a placid little lump of sunshine, the infant Dennis, and with a frolic with the little ones comes farewell to any further chance of what the “Sage of Fleet Street” called “rational conversation” with their naïvely original, warm-hearted, and utterly unaffected mother.

E. B.

## THE CAUSE OF IT.

SNUGSBY: “What did old David Trimble die of?”

BOGSBY: “Of his initials.”—*Judge*.



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MADAME ALICE GOMEZ.



## THE OPERA SEASON.

The Italian Opera season, which has been remarkable alike for the novelties produced and for the general excellence of the performances, came to an end on Monday with a benefit performance to Sir Augustus Harris.



Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN AS CARMEN.

The season at Covent Garden began on Whit Monday, and has run over 67 nights, during which 87 performances have been given of 21 operas, representing 15 composers, of whom only five were Italians, French composers being best represented. Seven, or about a third, of the operas were seen for the first time in this country, namely, "Manon Lescaut," "La Navarraise," "L'Attaque du Moulin," "Elaine," "Signa," "Werther," and "The Lady of Longford." Judged by the number of times of its representation, "Pagliacci," which was played nine times, was the most popular opera. "Faust" and "Falstaff" were each played eight times, "Roméo et

Juliette" seven times, "Carmen" six times, "La Navarraise," five times, "Philémon," "Signa," and "Lohengrin" four times, "Manon Lescaut," "Orfeo," "Rigoletto," and "L'Attaque du Moulin" three times, and all the others twice, except "Les Huguenots," which was seen only once. The lovers of German opera have not been overlooked, although the German season, which began on June 26, seems to have been an afterthought of Sir Augustus. Seven operas were produced, representing Wagner, Beethoven, and Weber, six being repeated—thirteen performances in all. Meanwhile, Sir Augustus Harris will send into the provinces a troupe consisting of Mesdames Giulia and Sofia Ravogli, Lucile Hill, Olitzka, Gherlsen, and Joran, Messrs. O'Mara, Morello, Brozel, Dufriehe, and Arimondi. Opera in the provinces is to lose a notable figure in Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, who leaves the Carl Rosa Company to join Mr. Abbey's troupe for the American season next winter. Mlle. de Lussan, who thus returns to the land of her birth, has established herself in this country as a great favourite, notably with the Queen, before whom she played on several occasions. Her most successful rôle is, perhaps, Carmen, with which she has astonished Londoners as well as provincials. It may be noted that she will have as companions in Mr. Abbey's company Miss Sybil Sanderson, Mlle. Mira Hiller (a Polish soprano, pupil of Madame Pauline Lucca), Mlle. Mantilla (a new mezzo-soprano), and Madame Melba, together with the De Reszkes, MM. Tamagno, Maurel, Plançon, and Ancona, with Signori Mancinelli and Bevilacqua as conductors. From first to last Sir Augustus Harris has had quite a little army at Covent Garden and the two seasons at Drury Lane—first, the series of operas in English, including "Philemon and Baucis" and "Orfeo," both of which were heard this year for the first time in the mother tongue—and then the German season, which showed us the magnificent Klafsky. Perhaps most interest has been shown in the young *prima donna*, Mlle. Delna, who made her *début* in Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin," in the part she created when the opera was produced at the Paris Opéra Comique last November. Mlle. Delna, who is the *protégée* of the veteran Verdi, is a handsome girl of nineteen. Strange to say, and contrary to all the traditions of the French stage, she is practically untaught, both as a singer and as an actress. Two years ago, though she had never appeared in public, she was offered the contralto part in "Les Troyens" of Berlioz, and, though she had neither seen nor heard the work before, she promised to be ready for her *début* in a fortnight, trusting to good luck to carry her through. Probably, she is not much troubled with nerves, or else the nerves of a healthy girl of seventeen are not very intrusive: anyhow, her *début* was successful, and her wonderful voice and dramatic instinct made a tremendous sensation in Paris at the time. Since then she has sung the contralto parts of most of the operas, and her future career will be watched with interest by all lovers of opera.

It is strange that the provinces should have a much more constant supply of opera than the Metropolis itself. Several good combinations are always on the road. Though the Carl Rosa Company still holds more than its own as the exponent of opera, a fillip may be expected to be given to the company by Mrs. Carl Rosa's introduction to the directorate, which took place some time ago, when she succeeded Professor Bridge. Mrs. Rosa has always taken a keen interest in the company, and it has been thought likely that she may influence the management to return to her husband's plan of commissioning works from native composers. It has been argued that the company might with advantage pay a visit to town. Perhaps Mrs. Rosa may also look to this.

## THE "KING OF ROME."

Mr. R. H. Sherard's translation of Méneval's Memoirs of Napoleon (Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.) is full of interest, not merely to the high and dry student, but to the passing reader. One is specially interested, among many themes treated in the book, in Méneval's description of Napoleon's son, the "King of Rome," who died in 1832, in his twenty-first year. Méneval gives a pathetic picture of his last interview with the boy, whom some artist of the period delineated (as he would have said) in the curious old print which is reproduced here—

Before leaving, I went to take leave of the young Prince at the Imperial Palace of Vienna. It grieved me to notice his serious and even melancholy air. He had lost that childish cheerfulness and loquacity which had so much charm in him. He did not come to meet me as he was accustomed to do, and saw me enter without giving any sign that he knew me. One might have said that misfortune was already beginning its work on this young head, which a great lesson of Providence seemed to have adorned with a crown on his entrance into life, so as to give a fresh example of the vanity of human greatness. He was like one of those victims destined for sacrifice who are adorned with flowers. Although he had already spent six weeks with the persons to whom he had been confided, with whom I found him, he had not yet got accustomed to them, and seemed to look upon their faces, still strange to him, with distrust. I asked him in their presence if he had a message which I could take for him to his father.



He looked at me in a sad and significant way, then, gently freeing his hand from my grasp, he withdrew silently into the embrasure, of a window some distance off. After having exchanged some words with the persons who were in the drawing-room, I approached the spot to which he had withdrawn, and where he was standing, looking on with an attentive air. As I bent down to him to say farewell, struck with my emotion, he drew me towards the window, and, looking at me with a touching expression, he whispered to me, "M. Méneval, you will tell him that I am still very fond of him!"

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

It is now close upon six years ago since the art world of London, and, indeed, of the capital centres of Europe, became first of all strongly aware of the little school of art which was gradually forming in Cornwall. Down in Newlyn a small body of painters foregathered with single and simple aims. It was none of their ambition to revolt against the system of the Royal Academy. They did not pursue the eccentricity, for example, of the "greenery-gallery, Grosvenor-Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man." The most of them had studied in Paris, and all of them were young, earnest, ambitious, clever, and enthusiastic.

It is old enough history now, the rise and popularity of that little school, and the latest development of that popularity is to be discovered in the action of the Corporation of Nottingham, who have, through their Castle Museum Committee, authorised Mr. G. Harry Wallis, F.S.A., to bring together, for the autumn, an exhibition of the works of Cornish painters. The point is a convenient one for looking back.

We have said of these artists that it was none of their ambition to revolt against the system of the Royal Academy. Yet it would be absurd to deny that there was, quite at the outset of the Cornish movement, considerable antagonism between the members of the new school and high gods of the Academic Olympus. Words were written and spoken on each side which were, at all events, not "disposable" to peace. Some young members sniffed at Academic honours; other clever

members, who looked ahead, did likewise, yet worked for them with all their might and main. These were, as elections at the Royal Academy go, long a-coming. Many were the times that his friends confidently expected that the next ballot would float Mr. Stanhope Forbes into



SHELL GATHERERS.—ANTONIO PAOLETTI.

Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, St. James's.



OFF TO THE MUSSEL GROUND.—HECTOR CAFFIERI.

CHAUFFERETTE.—HECTOR CAFFIERI.  
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

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the Associateship. Occasion after occasion passed with no election, and there was even some despair in the youthful camp. With every sniff that might have been born of disappointment or—in the eyes of recent triumph, the word may be excused—of possible envy, the various members continued to ply the unwilling Academy with acres of their canvas; the painters grew in popular favour, and the critics took up their cause with some alacrity. The method was fresh and new, and appreciated accordingly.

In those days, for example, the grey window of Newlyn was quite a novelty, and, although this school dealt in anecdote and "situation" from the outset, and has scarcely withdrawn from that resolute attitude



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MAUDE, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL THE HON. C. HAY.—IRLAM BRIGGS.

ever since, the new idea was to combine anecdote with true painterly accomplishment. As time went on the school was sufficiently advanced to divide into two camps, one of which remained at Newlyn, the other withdrawing to St. Ives. Then came prosperity and Academic honours. Mr. Stanhope Forbes was carried up into the sacred enclosure, Mr. Adrian Stokes was purchased for the Chantrey Bequest, Mr. Bramley followed Mr. Forbes, and Mr. Gotch and others have been favoured by the Academy by prominent hanging and other favours of a sufficiently public nature.

To come, therefore, to the men individually. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is, as it were by right, the chief of this little band. His, at any rate, has been the foremost personality of the Cornish school. From the very first he showed evidence of an acute observation, of a breadth of style, and of a sense of atmosphere which were at the time very rare indeed among any English painters. He began by painting small canvases, and we must confess that it was at this period of his career that we like him best. In these smaller efforts he showed himself the possessor, in addition to these other qualities, of a tenderness and a sense of soft colour—particularly in silver greys—which were very attractive and engrossing.

Success flew to crown his ambition, and from that time forth Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., seems to have dealt exclusively in canvases of a portly acreage. His subjects are now cast upon a grandiose and important scale: so far that the old tenderness and minute care which once belonged to his pictures appear to have been so diluted and beaten out that the most of what we have to admire now is the cunning craftsmanship, the extraordinary patience, the solemnity and responsibility of achievement, the breadth and solid squareness of style, which, after all, remain to this extremely clever artist. But one sighs a little for the—but *vide* "Break, Break, Break," *passim*.

Mr. Bramley has not attained so complete a popularity as Mr. Forbes. Yet we should consider it doubtful whether Mr. Forbes has ever painted anything so completely satisfactory to all sorts and conditions of men—to critics and the common art-loving public alike—as "A Hopeless Dawn." The time has passed when a new criticism of that extraordinary picture could still be tolerable, but it certainly places Mr. Bramley in a very high rank indeed among modern English painters. Mr. Gotch, as a pure Newlyn, who, perhaps, ranks next to Mr. Bramley and Mr. Harry Tuke in artistic reputation, has made an extremely interesting progress since the day when he first asked for judgment in his version of the inevitable grey window. But he has left all that long ago, and he bids fair to become a portrait painter of fine delicacy and high technical accomplishment.

We have no space to pursue the subject further. Mr. Harry Tuke, whom we have mentioned, and Mr. Adrian Stokes are, perhaps, more interesting than any of these other painters, from one point of view, at least. They both view Nature from a far more purely poetical standpoint, and their handling of colour is more positive, more exquisite, and more refined. Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Setting Sun" of a year or two back, which was hung in the New Gallery, was in its way a masterpiece of poetry and colour. Such are some of the men whom Nottingham chooses to honour. Many other names of distinguished merit occur to the mind—Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, Mrs. Adrian Stokes, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Olsson, and others: this will suffice for a brief appreciation.

We recorded the other day with regret the death of Señor Madrazo, who, as director of the Madrid Gallery, was distinguished and popular in Spain very much for those reasons and qualities which make Sir Frederick Leighton distinguished and popular in England. We are glad to note, however, that a Spanish painter, of scarcely less distinction and repute, has been appointed in Señor Madrazo's room: Señor Palmaroli is now director of the Madrid Gallery.

The Brussels National Gallery is enduring a world of hostile criticism for its purchase of the portrait group of the De Ribeaucourt family, attributed to Van Dyck, for the sum of £8000. According to a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, "probably no student of the art of Van Dyck will accept it as being by the hand of the master." It appears that the same arrangement of the larger portion of the group, even down to minute details, is found in the other famous work. The canvas is, of course, seventeenth century work, and, so far, is contemporary with Van Dyck; but portions of it appear to have been touched up by a modern hand. "The contents of the Brussels National Gallery," says the correspondent whom we have already quoted, "are generally so admirable and important that all interested in painting must regret the acquisition of works of doubtful authenticity."

The ideal of illustrated fiction is that the artist should be worthy of the author. This ideal has been obtained since Mr. George du Maurier astonished the literary world with a display of high gifts as a writer balanced with his equally lofty reputation as an artist. His novel "Peter Ibbetson" first proved his possession of this "double portion" of genius. The story "Trilby," which is concluded in *Harper's Magazine* for August, goes further; it places Mr. Du Maurier in a foremost position among living novelists. He gives a delightfully truthful picture of Bohemian life in Paris, treated so faithfully as to suggest autobiography. You laugh and cry alternately with the art students and their friends—in a word, you live with them in the pages of "Trilby." The pictures in prose often astonish you by the same vivid fidelity and attention to detail which the work of the famous *Punch* artist has taught us to expect from him in another form. It has been said that Mr. Du Maurier is almost the only man who troubles about the floor in his pictures of rooms. Just the same characteristic is displayed in this story: the groundwork is carefully elaborate, and every item in the scene is remembered. For splendid descriptive power, you may search



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MISS NUSSEY.—F. YATES.

the world of modern novels in vain for a match to the account of La Svengali's operatic *début*. The novel will be, if I mistake not, just as valuable a piece of history of this particular period as "Vanity Fair" is with regard to another period. The sketches which have illuminated the story in the pages of *Harper* have shown Mr. Du Maurier at his best. "Trilby" is a literary and artistic treasure.



KENTISH ARCHITECTURE.

*From Photographs by Gerald Grey, Clifton.*



LYMINGE CHURCH.



SALTWOOD CHURCH.



OLD PORCH, LYMINGE CHURCH.



HYTHE CHURCH.



LYPNE CHURCH.



ANCIENT MANOR HOUSE, LYPNE.



OLD COTTAGES, BARIHAM.



SALTWOOD CASTLE.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

One of our most special British institutions is now threatened by the New Spirit—everything is new nowadays. The New Circulating Libraries, who are the same as the old ones, declare that they will no longer pay the former prices for the three-volume novel of our fathers, but will buy the same far cheaper, and, further, will insist on its remaining in the three-volume form long enough for them to draw their full profit from it. To this the New Authors respond that, as they make most of their profit by the cheaper editions, they may very well do without the circulating libraries altogether when once they are well known; and booksellers are alike zealous to get rid of a form of publication which diminishes their profits and lessens the sale of books generally: in short, in striking for lower prices and longer hours the circulating libraries may find that they have struck against their own existence as lenders of books, though, perhaps, they may endure as reading-rooms.

The only authors who profit by the three-volume system are those who are unknown, or whose popularity is not great enough to carry off a large edition. There is a fair number of these latter and a large number of the former class. Some authors who never get into a cheap edition are such as we yet should not care to crowd out of existence. On the other hand, some of the most popular authors never appear in the traditional form. The public buys their works, and does not hire them.

It would be a good thing if the circulating libraries could be abolished. They cultivate a habit of reading trashy books that one would not think of buying or keeping; they deter men, and especially women, from getting any good from first-rate books—for no one can properly enjoy a book at a single reading—and they have taken lately to exercising a sort of Philistine censorship, and saying that the public shall not have certain books, because to the minds of the heads of circulating libraries these books are not strictly proper. Truly, the impudence of tradesmen is boundless! The reading public asks for a work, and is told by some obscure commercial man that it is not fit to judge for itself, and must be fed with the proper slop that seems good to its self-constituted guardian. Who made Mudie a judge or a censor over us?

Who? Simply our own laziness and folly. If we really loved literature, we should buy a few good books for less than we now spend over hiring many bad ones. If we wanted to read a book, but did not care, or could not afford, to keep it, a book club, with the help of a good bookseller, could acquire the ownership of the required volumes, lend them among its members, and then divide them when they had gone the rounds. Then each household would possess a small but well-chosen and ever-increasing library, instead of a heap of tattered shilling-and-sixpenny "shockers" to fill in the intervals between the deliveries of the circulating library.

Any book worth reading once is worth reading twice or thrice. A circulating library is only good in order to enable readers to sample a work and see if they would like to buy it. Whatever is more than this is an evil. And were the circulating libraries abolished, new authors would not be cut off from appealing to the public. Of course, the three-volume form enables a well-known publisher to launch an experimental novel without fear of loss. But a publisher must discover new talent from time to time, or cease to carry on business; and if he sold more of his well-known authors, as he probably would were the circulating libraries abolished, he could afford to venture a little on a new and promising writer.

It would be, indeed, a joyful sight if every week a few volumes were added to the shelves of every well-to-do house, instead of a set of poor three-volume pot-boilers being changed for another set as poor. And this might be if only London and country booksellers would organise an abundant and well-selected supply of good literature throughout the country, and publishers would realise that the circulating library, their ostensible protector against loss, is really their most insidious and dangerous enemy, in that it discourages the purchase of books in favour of the hiring of books. A great fortune awaits the gifted man who shall realise that the country-folk want to buy books, and will supply them with the books they like. And, as a first step to this much-needed organisation, let us aid the suicide of the circulating libraries by helping them to make the three-volume novel impossible.

Or, if we cannot abolish the three-volume romance at once, let us at least abolish the second volume, which is generally read last, and is seldom worth reading at all.

MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The *Yellow Book* has made a second appearance, and, as it is not as other periodicals, the fact cannot be passed over. The second number is better than the first; there are fewer blots on it, and it contains three items of real literary interest; that would be a fair proportion out of a longer list. Mr. Frederick Greenwood's "Gospel of Content" is introduced by means of a rather halt-footed story. The story is, in fact, rather worse than useless, but the gospel itself, as uttered by the Russian enthusiast, is full of good and beautiful things, nothing more than has been said plainly over and over again in plain language in late years, perhaps; but plain language is poor language, and doesn't effect such revolutions as are pointed to here. The eloquence and poetry of Mr. Greenwood's friend are meant to instigate to a crusade among the rich and well-to-do, to make them see the vulgarity of having more than enough, the blessedness of "plain living and high thinking, only with one addition both beautiful and wise: kind thinking, and the high and kind thinking made good in deed."

There are pretty fancies in it, too, vaguer than this idea of a moral reform in our attitude to luxury. One is a dream of a time when spiritual progress will equal intellectual progress, when, therefore, a new language will be required to express it, and that language will be music, "the last perfection of speech."

The second item of importance is Mr. James's "Coxon Fund," very clever, very subtle, but far too long. Mr. James has a power of expressing fine shades that, if he were a poet, would make him one of the most exquisite. Sometimes it almost seems wasted in prose. The description of the various aspects of a difficult situation, the inner reality, the outer appearances, from this side, from that, from the point of view of the prejudicial and the unprejudiced, and how those aspects are reflected in the sensitive mind of a man now looking on at, now taking part in, a huge fraud, which is yet not a fraud all through, are expressed with wonderful art. But it is too long. At first, harassed as much as the sensitive man and full of excited sympathy, we end in growing weary.

The third best item is Mr. Hayes's poem, "My Study." It will live in every reader's memory, especially one verse—

Ashamed my faultful task to spell,  
I watch how grows  
The Master's perfect colour-scheme  
Of sunset, of His simpler dream  
Of moonlight, or that miracle  
We name a rose.

Miss Ella D'Arcy and Mr. Kenneth Grahame contribute pretty stories, nicely written and sympathetic. And the editor, Mr. Harland's "A Responsibility," in Mr. James's style, is a careful study. As for the other things in the literary section of the *Yellow Book*, they are either frankly dull, like Mr. Hamerton's criticism of last number, or ambitious failures. Mr. Beardsley's pictures, save that of Madame Réjane, are very ugly in his nightmarelike fashion, but both letterpress and illustrations are wholesomer than in the earlier number.

Two novels continuing stirring incident enough to drift you fast out of *Yellow Book* regions have come into my hands. They are two good stories spoilt by careless, unfinished writing. A little more elaboration on the writer's part would have saved some weariness to readers. One is Mr. Vizetelly's "The Scorpion," a Spanish story of the Society of the Black Hand. It aims no higher than being a sensational tale of adventure, and its second-rate newspaper style would be pardonable were it livelier. But it is heavy enough to make the most exciting plots, revolutions, and murders drag and pale. The other, Mr. Downey's "Merchant of Killogue" (Heinemann), contains some vivid pictures of certain aspects of Irish political life twenty years ago, and has excellent material in it; but, crude, unfinished, and unsatisfactory as a whole, it furnishes one more evidence that the proof of a story is in the telling of it.

The battle of the three-volume novel still rages. I have good authority for saying that, so far as the libraries are concerned, the question is still *sub judice*—that is, the libraries are still open to consider representations by publishers, booksellers, and authors. There are serious complaints against those publishers who have reason to decide the question for themselves, without taking their brethren into consultation. The want of concerted action among bookmen of all kinds is a very great evil. In almost every other trade a meeting would have been held immediately of all concerned, and a common line of action decided upon, if at all possible.

The booksellers are protesting against the edict that three-volume novels shall not be issued in one-volume form for a year. They say that such a step would mean a loss both to publisher and to bookseller, and express great satisfaction at the prospect of the three-volume being done away with. That is, in truth, the direction in which things are more and more setting. There will be less and less inducement to publish stories in three volumes, and it is quite conceivable that the circulating libraries may suffer seriously in consequence.

Mr. Stopford Brooke succeeds Professor Henry Drummond as Lowell Lecturer at Boston.

O. O.

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One of the daily papers deplors the fact that the folk-songs of England are being rapidly forgotten, and calls upon its readers to go into the country places and collect "these wild flowers of minstrelsy." The curious artist, therefore, made a journey into Dorset with the object of noting down the folk-songs sung by the rustics. He first heard a labourer chanting the melodious "Ask a Policeman!" Then a milkmaid came along singing "Annie Rooney." The farmer's niece trilled something about the "Old Kent Road," and a rustic on horseback bellowed something about his "Old Dutch."







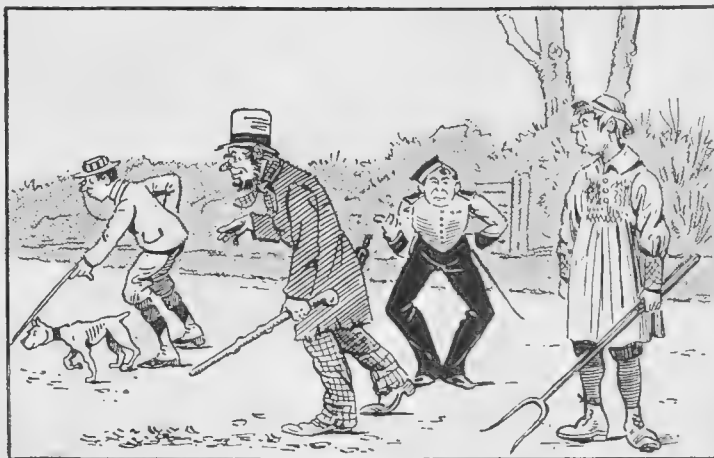
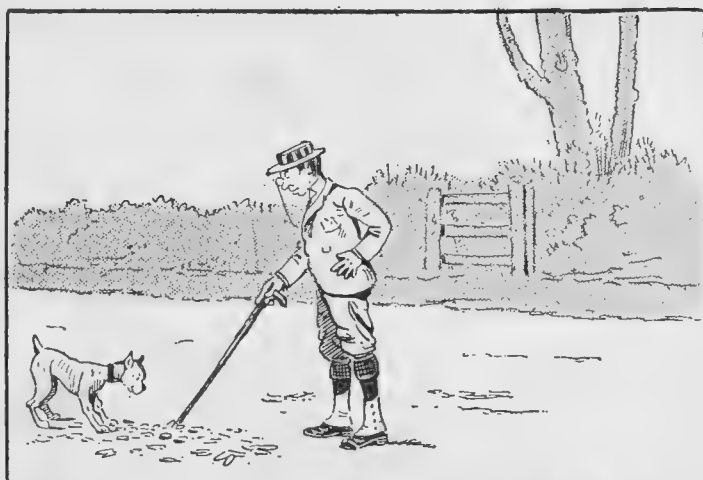
SWEETHEARTS.  
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



## HOW THEY DRESS.

"Why, isn't that Mary Ann's young gal? I heard she'd gone as kitchen-maid. They rig 'er out well, don't they?"





HE HADN'T LOST MUCH.

1. "What! lost it?"  
 3. "Looks as though they'd lost somethink!"  
 5. "Well, blest if I don't come and help you."  
 7. "Eh? Oh, no. You see it was this way: I threw a stone for my dog Pincher, and he lost it in the leaves, so I thought I'd look myself."

2. H'm! Seems mortal busy. Lorst 'is purse, I'll bet a dollar. Findin's keepin's 's my motter!"  
 4. "'Pears as if they was tryin' to find summat!"  
 6. And in a few minutes more a small crowd were groping around.  
 8. And then that crowd dispersed.



THE PERIS OF THE PIER.





THEY MEET AT MARGATE.

MISS SMITH : " I thought you were yachting ? You wrote to Aunt Jane saying you were off with Lord Sommertown. "  
 MR. JONES : " Oh ! did I ? Well, you wrote to my brother that you were going on a visit to Lady Townsville. "



'Good morning, aunt. Let me help you water the roses



'A gentleman has called & left this note miss - he wishes to see your roses if you will allow him?



Aunt was delighted - Well! of all the barefaced impudence! - If it wasn't Jack! He offered to help



'I knew we should get caught - he was so reckless directly aunt's back was turned



'Just as I thought - he went and watered aunt's ankles!



'She is going to leave all her money to the dog's home!

Ernest R. Howard





ENGLISH GOLFER : " You must be tired with that bundle. Can't I relieve you ? "  
CADDIE : " Ou aye ! ye micht gie me a draw o' your pipe."



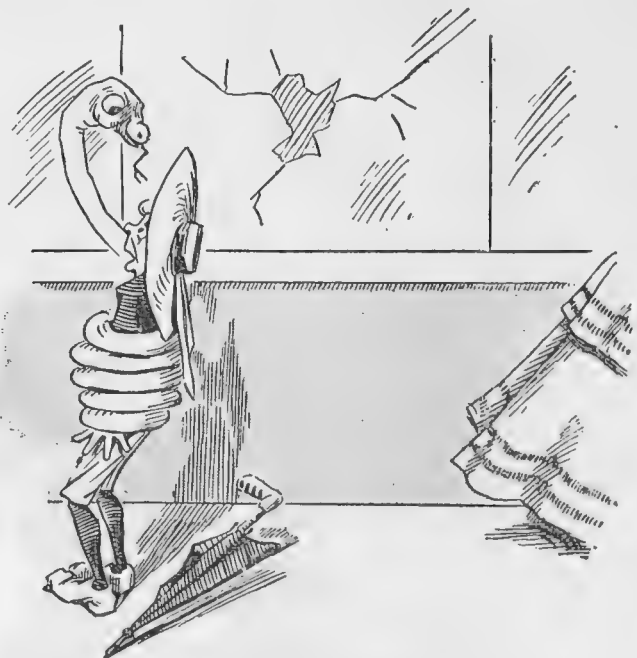




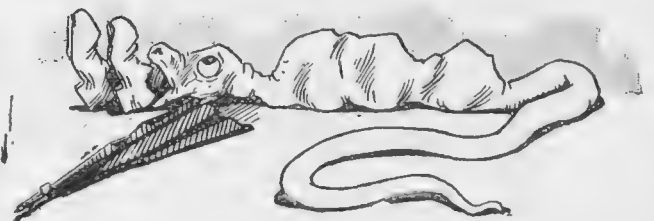
A GOODWOOD GODDESS.



*A proud, fond mother little Tommy takes  
One sunny morning to see the snakes.*



*A rush, a stampede, a screaming scare,  
Proclaim poor Tommy in a python's care.*



*It looks as if the chila were out of pain  
In the recesses of the snake's "Red Lane."*



*Pull away cheerily,  
Not slow or wearily!*



*Recovered remnants of a mother's joy  
Resolve themselves into "You dirty boy!"*

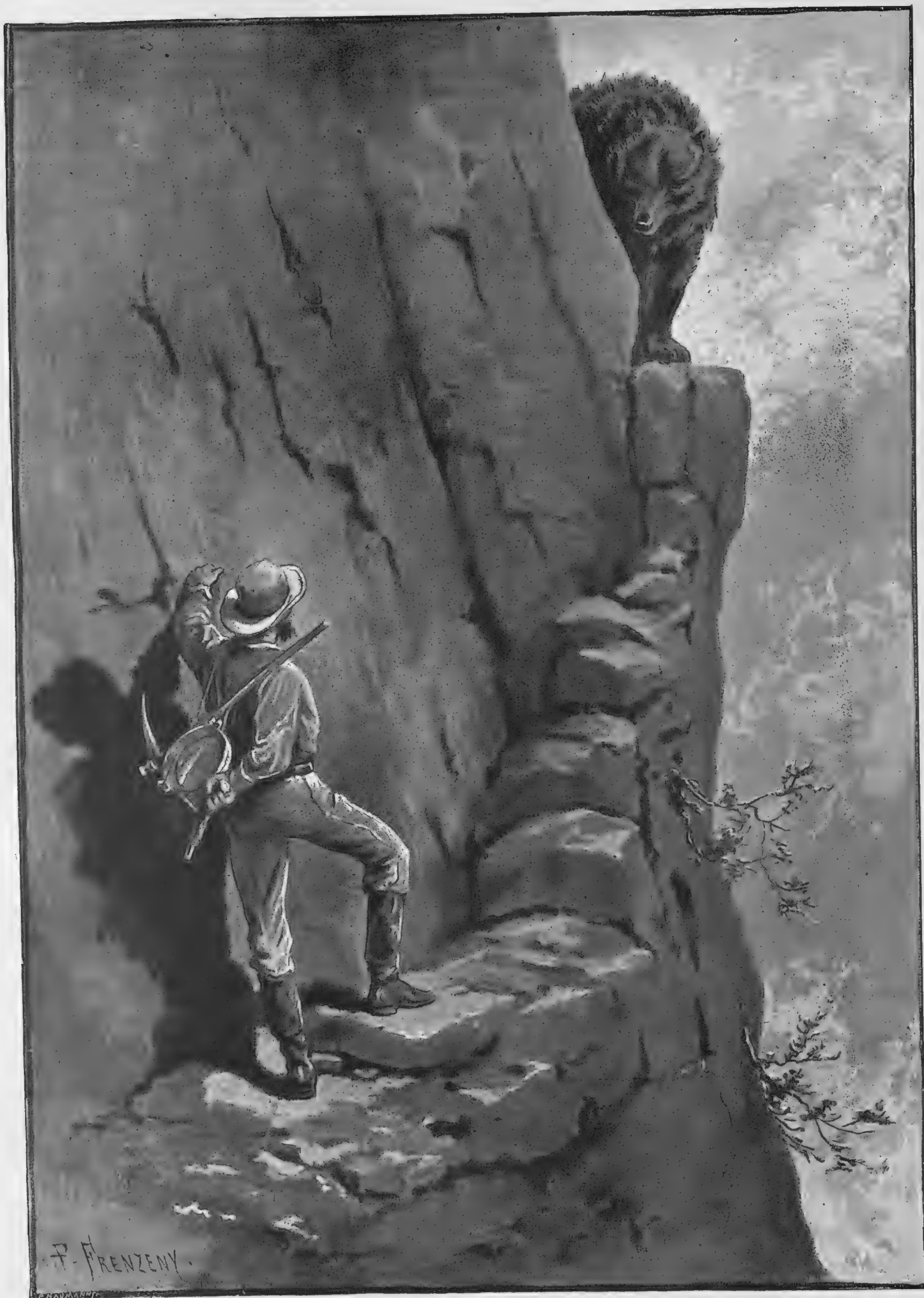
Starr Wood.



HE : " I believe, Miss Fitzlarge, that you quite look down upon me."

SHE : " Really, Mr. Dotlet, I should not see you at all if I didn't."





THE GOLDSEEKER—AN OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE ROMANCE OF AN ANATOMIST.

BY WALTER RAYMOND.

They were in diggings together, Jack Vigo and Grant Prothero, and the best of friends, although so different in temperament and constitution. Jack was certainly a bit of a boulder. Six feet two, large, loud, and with no more veneration than a house-sparrow, his spirit never flagged. In times of pecuniary embarrassment he used to give an evening party, brew punch in the washhand-basin, and triumph over depression. No man was ever more triumphant than Jack. But Prothero was a worker, slight of build, sharp-featured, and of a sensibility which seemed like shyness. The recollection of a quiet rectory in Somersetshire, and the consternation that failure would bring into the family dovecote, kept him straight. Something was expected of Prothero, both at St. Thomas's and at home, where they spoke with awe of his recent appointment as Demonstrator of Anatomy.

One June evening Jack rushed in like a whirlwind.

"I say, old man, I've a day for two on the Kennet. The May-fly is up like mad."

"What about cash? I haven't got much."

"There's your 'Gray's Anatomy,' and you can take it out from your next allowance. We must run down to Hungerford by the early train, and there'll be five miles to walk. Chuck over the book."

A slanting shaft of sunlight illumined the faded flowers of a dusty lodging-house carpet, and nothing teaches the heart a deeper love of Nature than that.

"Catch!" cried Prothero.

Before the porch of the Coach and Horses, a quaint old wayside inn, with mullioned windows and a thatched roof, Prothero's romance began. Down the hill came a two-wheeled pony-carriage, containing an elderly



*His experienced touch detected the injury in a moment.*

gentleman and a young girl. Beneath his chin was an old-fashioned stock, white, high, and stiff, and he wore a tall beaver hat of the early Victorian era. The lady, who was driving, was in blue serge, and a straw hat half-shaded the sweetest English face that ever smile shone upon. As they passed, Jack Vigo reverentially arrested a tankard half way to his lips. Prothero stepped into the road to watch them out of sight.

Suddenly the pony swerved. A wheel struck against a heap of stones, and the carriage was overturned. Throwing down rod and creel, Prothero ran to the scene of the disaster.

The old gentleman had picked himself up with an alacrity worthy of his elderly youth, and was bending over the girl, now seated on the stones. She was not hurt, she said; but the frightened look upon her face, the tears in her eyes, and the manner in which she nursed her left arm belied the assurance.

"Allow me," cried Prothero, unceremoniously pushing in front of the old gentleman. Before the liberty could be resented, he had taken a penknife from his pocket and stripped away the serge sleeve. His experienced touch detected the injury in a moment. He appeared to

seize her rudely by the wrist, and then, with a cry of pain, the girl raised her eyes to his in gratitude. She knew instinctively that it was all right.

"You must excuse my want of ceremony; I am a surgeon," explained Prothero. "The lady must have fallen upon her hand, as her elbow was dislocated. It is fortunate when an accident of this sort receives immediate attention. If swelling supervene——"

The old gentleman scanned these dusty youths with some suspicion. "If you will be good enough to give me your name," he said very slowly, "the young lady's friends will doubtless be anxious to thank you for your—ch—very prompt attention."

"My name is Prothero. But——"

"Prothero? Prothero? Not of Hawkmoor?"

"My grandfather lived there."

"Bless me! I knew him well, fifty years ago—Grant Prothero. We were at college together, and he came to Brockhurst to fish. My name is Probyn. You must have heard of me, my dear boy." He shook hands with the dear boy, as if in congratulation of such respectable descent. "And this is my granddaughter, Miss Gladys Clarke. How is the arm, my dear child?"

"It should be in a sling," said Prothero, and the old gentleman, having produced a gigantic handkerchief, he arranged it beautifully, putting his arms around the girl's neck to tie the knot.

Meanwhile Jack Vigo had righted the carriage, and the pony was not hurt.

"Thank you, thank you. I'll drive myself. But we've been keeping you from your sport. Good-bye, good-bye. And, Mr. Prothero, come to Brockhurst and fish. Just drop me a line. You get out at Crosscombe, quite close to the water. At any time. Send me a line—be sure you send me a line." Then the carriage, turning a bend in the road, passed out of sight.

The May-fly came up in thousands that day; but ever before Prothero's eyes flitted visions bright and ephemeral, visions of romance and love. Jack afterwards described him sitting on a hatch, a neglected sandwich in his hand. The water on one side was still as a mirror. Below, it dashed away white with foam, and clearly audible above the roar of the torrent he breathed the name of Gladys Clarke.

Jack also claims to have administered consolation.

"I know how you feel, old man," he said. "I have suffered myself. In the case of Letitia I was delirious for weeks, and my temperature touched 105. Just as I was getting round, I was taken with Maud. They feared my heart was affected, and talked of sending me abroad; but I rallied, and fell in love with Sarah Englefield. I was almost gone that time. I would have run away with Sally, but they sent her on a long visit to a distant relative. On her return, I had moral scruples, having meanwhile found myself not wholly indifferent to Maud. Then I met Letitia at a garden party, and suffered a relapse. Serious complications followed, and I have never since been susceptible."

Prothero told him to shut up.

Twelve months elapsed. Jack had taken his final, and in the best of spirits went into Somersetshire to stay with Prothero. One afternoon he chanced to remember Mr. Probyn's invitation.

"Write to the old boy. There's just time to get a reply and have one day."

Prothero wrote. Everything was in readiness, but the morning came and the postman without any reply.

"He's from home. Let's cheek it out," suggested Jack.

"Oh, no, no!"

"Nonsense, man. He'd be very pleased—in fact, he'd wish it, and you'll never see him again."

"It's an awful pity," reflected Prothero.

"Come along—we can just catch the train. Nobody will see us. I'll pull you through."

The sky was attractively dull, there was a light breeze, and the air was balmy and sweet as May.

"All right," consented Prothero; "come along."

They alighted at Crossecombe, a little station a mile from the village, but close to the stream. The place was a paradise, alternating pool and stiekle, with overhanging willow-trees and alder-bushes. Now and then fell a drop of rain, and the fish rose greedily.

"There is nothing better than this," cried Jack, as they sat down for a rest at mid-day; "and nobody is going to see us."

Prothero glanced nervously around. "There's a fellow on the hill with a telescope!" he cried, in an agony. "He has caught sight of us; he is coming!"

"He has a deuced vindictive walk," laughed Jack. "Don't look—we'll stroll down stream until he's behind the hedge; then we'll get down out of sight and he'll pass on."

They found seclusion on a shelving gravel-bed, and when, presently, they peeped above the bank, the place was a solitude.

"Now let us go," said Prothero, eagerly.

"It's immorality to leave a stream like this."

"I tell you I won't stay. It's ungentlemanly—it's humiliating, dodging about like this!"

"But it's safe for half an hour, at least," argued Jack, calmly throwing a fly.

Prothero fumed. He feared taking a liberty with the beaver hat; he hated that anyone might speak slightly of him in the presence of Gladys Clarke.

"There he is again—on the other hill, with his hand up to his eyes. He's coming at no end of a pace."

"Flight," reflected Jack, sententiously, "is not only undignified, but useless. There is no train for hours, and he'll waylay us at the station. We must wade the shallow, and hide in the spinney opposite. I'll bet he goes to Crosscombe."

They effected this strategic movement while the man was passing through a larch plantation. Presently, he came up hot and hurried, stopped a minute in perplexity, and followed the winding river towards Crosscombe. "We'll wait here until he has gone back," said Jack, settling himself comfortably against a tree.

The clouds had blown over. The sun glistened on the leaping stream. The shade from hazel, undergrown and overhanging branch, was very grateful, and the wood-pigeons were cooing overhead. At last, above the murmur of the water and whispering of the trees, came the sound of human voices.

"Wake up, you fool!" cried Prothero, with considerable irritation; and they peered between the leaves.

By the river bank approached Mr. Probyn, carrying a rod, followed by Gladys Clarke with a landing-net. They met the keeper and stopped. The sunlight shone upon her, the sweet romance of early womanhood. Her shadow was soft upon the grass; the reflection of her light summer frock and the poppies in her garden-hat rippled on the water as she peered down into the pool. The keeper appeared excited, and worked his arms like a semaphore. He pointed to the gravel bank, the hilltop, and the shallow ford, then embraced the whole landscape in one comprehensive gesture of hopeless negation. The old gentleman frowned and shook his head with an indignation which only poaching could arouse. At last the keeper went away across the fields, and the others strolled quietly homewards.

Prothero drew a sigh of relief, and spoke with determination.

"I shall find a high road and walk to the nearest town."

"We had better get beyond the station and go up the line."

The suggestion was reasonable. All would have been well but for the gluttony of a big trout, lying under the shadow of a railway bridge, sucking down alder flies with a fatal greed which rendered one final cast irresistible. There was a rise—a splash—a plunge.

"I have hooked the Great Leviathan."

"For heaven's sake, Jack, break it off! Break it off and come along! There's that confounded fellow again—on the embankment—looking this way—"

"Let him look. Three pounds, if he's an ounce."

"Come along, Vigo. You haven't time to get him out. The man's running like mad."

"Let him run!"

"Come away, you ass. He's on the bridge. He—"

"Prothero!" pleaded Jack, "the landing-net." But as the trout came gasping to the bank his heart seemed touched. "Lend me the money, old man. I'll buy him off."

A sinister-looking fellow, with a black beard, whom money would not buy, he wiped the honest sweat from his brow with a red handkerchief and panted.

"Is your name Prothero, Sir?"

"It is."

From his breast-pocket the man produced a crumpled letter, which read thus—

DEAR MR. PROTHERO,—Glad to hear at the station that you had come. I feared my letter was late. I hope you will both dine with us at eight.—Yours very truly,  
DIOBY PROBYN.

Returning down the river, they overtook the old gentleman and his granddaughter not far from the spinney, and walked along together. Mr. Probyn and Jack in front and Gladys Clarke behind, with Prothero close to her elbow. Some time later there were wedding bells at Brockhurst.

Dr. Vigo has a large practice now near Hungerford, and during the recent epidemic is reported to have worked six horses off their legs.

He always says that he pulled Prothero through.

## HOME-SICKNESS.

What a curious thing is home-sickness, and how inevitable to the man whose life leads him into the brightest and gayest scenes of metropolitan existence! I have been away for a few days on a journey of a few weeks, and I am writing these lines while the bad ship takes me down the coast of Spain. The worse part of the journey is over: we have long passed out of the Bay of Biscay, and I should be looking forward to the magnificent scenery of the Tagus and Cintra, to every sort of enjoyment that Spain and Portugal can afford. Instead of this, London stares me in the face: I think of town and dream of town, and the Metropolis has no street so dreary, no slum so repulsive, but that

I would welcome it as a relief from the horrible monotony of the sea. It is all very well to declare that London is empty, and unfit to live in, that everybody has gone or is going away. I know all about the oft-repeated abuse, and if I were in town I should probably join the universal cry. But, being a thousand miles away from the old place, I feel absolutely and utterly lost, though I can only hope that these lines will never reach the eyes of my friends, who have determined that I shall enjoy myself as never ink-slinger enjoyed himself yet. To add to my feelings of home-sickness, most of my fellow-passengers are going abroad for many years, and one old man has wrestled a fall with London life, and is going to hide his misfortunes in a distant part of Spain. He knows London well, and we have spent an hour discussing its many delights. He seems able to leave them with tolerable equanimity.

It has always been my fault or misfortune to go away from London for a holiday about once a month, and, as soon as I get well away, to want to get back. This truant disposition has led me to do many strange things. In the autumn of last year I was in Wales, fishing, at a tiny little village in the neighbourhood of which the beautiful river Conway rises from its home in the mountains. I had been to several places during the summer, but could not settle down. On Thursday night the longing for London came upon me, and I felt that I should not succeed



"For heaven's sake, Jack, break it off!"

in conquering it. I was right; I did not. The next morning saw me in the train; the evening found me in town. I had wired a friend that I should dress at his rooms; we adjourned to a well-known dining resort, and after that went to two or three places of amusement. On the following afternoon I went away again, inexpressibly delighted with the short visit. I have little or no sympathy with the man who grumbles at being left in town. Let him rough it a bit in places where the civilisation is more primitive, let him go abroad, and, however happy he may be, I defy him not to miss the Metropolis. And this sentiment is by no means confined to those of us whose lives are cast in pleasant places. If you are doing well, there is no better place in which to enjoy the attendant benefits; but if you are down on your luck you are better there than anywhere else, for London has to accommodate all sorts and conditions of fortunes, and your case will not be so singular but that there are plenty of replicas. It has frequently been urged that the Bohemia of London is a thing of the past, but that statement I most emphatically dispute. I have lived in it, and know it still, with feelings of affection which the mere ups and downs of luck cannot alter. After London, but a great distance from it, comes Paris; but there it has always seemed to me that a spirit of aggressive politics steps in to disserve what might well otherwise be a true Bohemian brotherhood. Your average Frenchman wastes a deal of enthusiasm over politics which might be better used in his social life. . . . BEN.



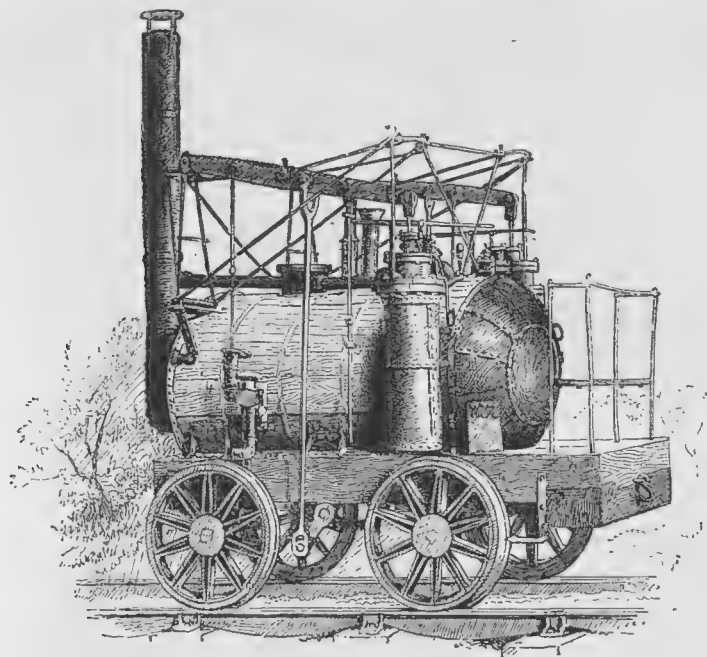
## A BIG BOOK ON RAILWAYS.\*

When one remembers that quite a number of people, who are old enough to know better, are not above running tiny engines in their back-gardens, and that even a canny Scotch nobleman plays with model locomotives in his park, the advent of a popular book on railways is to be understood and encouraged. Mr. Pendleton does not pretend for a moment, I take



A MAIL-COACH  
STARTING.

it, that his is a serious work. He would scarce advise a librarian to put it on his shelves in the place of the many sound and successfully dull volumes which treat of railway life. Rather, he poses in the "tit-bit" school, being a clever *raconteur* with many stories, and a gossip who skims the surface of fact with a silver ladle. For the matter of that, all these railway books seem moulded in the same shape. They begin with a shedding of tears for the old stage-coach, and end with a slap on the chest of the writer as he exclaims, "What a people we are!" The rest of his volume is invariably devoted to a description of some popular agonies—catastrophes, to wit—and an elaboration of the history of the Railway King and the train thief. The latter is a vastly more interesting person than the former, it must be admitted. Every man who is worth anything at all must at some time of his life have thirsted to "stick up" a train, and to have allowed a pretty woman to keep her jewellery on condition that she kissed him.



"PUFFING BILLY."

Mr. Pendleton realises this inherent moral viciousness, but does not encourage it as he might. He prefers the young person, and is sadly conventional. We open his book, which is capitally illustrated, and we find at once the stage-coach and the tears. Stevenson arises; "Puffing Billy" is mentioned; the "coo" is disposed of; Chat Moss is conquered; and then in a chapter of lamentations we deplore the stillness of the once powerful inn, the groans of the decaying ostler, and the exit of the stable-boy. This conduces to a comparatively comfortable condition, in which the "going to the Derby" in 1845 is vastly cheering, and the sight of a "third class" of those days

a beautiful object for comparison. For then your "bookie" and your rough herded together like cattle in a pen, shouting adorned precepts as they went, and doubtlessly being moved by the smuts in their eyes to those common terms of endearment among sailors to which Johnson has so succinctly referred. And what a text is this whereupon to base a homily upon the "thirds" of this day, and to place pictures of dining-saloons and cozy couples hurrying northward with the "Scotchman"! Then the porter took no pains whatever to advise the third-class old lady whose destination was Birmingham, but who found herself at Kew. When the fretful excursionist grumbled at a three hours' delay in a siding, he was told that he must wait until his betters went by. The "parly" man was for contempt and not for encouragement, and remained so until the powerful work of Mr. Noble and his directors upon the Midland. Mr. Pendleton is at pains to tell us not only the precise history of these revolutionary changes, but to show us pictures of all the later-day locomotives and saloons, and to give substantial excerpts from the histories of all the greater lines. These he flavours with stories, some exceedingly ancient and good, others not so ancient and merely passable. Of this sort is the story of the man who had dined, and who stood upon a platform watching a signalman manipulate his levers. The process produced in the man's mind strange desires. It reminded him of the action of other levers which opened beer barrels. "Mine's 'arf of birrer and Burton," said he, and was then wroth that he could not be served. This, of course, is the flippant mood of the book, but it would be unjust to invite the impression that it is wholly flippant. The chapters on the great bridges and the great tunnels are extremely well done. There are some pages on railway speeds and the great workshops at Crewe and elsewhere, which will be read eagerly by all who love such statistics. If one may judge by



THE BOILER-SHOP AT CREWE.

Mr. Pendleton's conclusion, eighty miles an hour mark the limit of an English locomotive's speed even down a hill. An American engine is not so limited; it can go at any speed, depending principally upon the newspaper reporter. Many attempts have been made from time to time by English engineers to pass the eighty miles, but the ambition has never been attained. It is true that there are traditions of the old Bristol and Exeter "nine-foot" tank engines having accomplished a speed of eighty-two miles and a fraction down a hill, but these must be accepted with some allowance for the enthusiasm of antiquity. At the present moment a locomotive is being built at Glasgow which is to travel at the rate of a hundred miles an hour; and a wild Frenchman has a scheme up his sleeve for throwing us through the air in tubes at a speed of 150 miles in sixty minutes. It is just possible that the "up-to-date" craze will not stimulate all to the pleasures of such fast travel, and that the majority will be content to read Mr. Pendleton's book and to avoid dreams, for it is unquestionably a sane book, whose human and popular interest is very large. And the numerous illustrations are quite beyond

M. P.



THIRD CLASS TO THE DERBY IN 1845.

\* "Our Railways: Their Origin, Development, Incident, and Romance." By J. Pendleton. London: Cassell and Co.

SOME TYPES OF AMERICAN BEAUTY.



MISS NESTA NEILSON.

*Photo by Falk, New York.*



MISS RUTH DAVENPORT.

*Photo by Falk, New York.*



MISS JOSIE AGDELOTTE.

*Photo by A. Dupont, New York.*



MISS ANGELINE ALLEN.

*Photo by A. Dupont, New York.*

MR. MERCER ADAM.

A poet may be born, not made, but I have always been curious about the genesis of the society entertainer. How does a person discover that he has got the peculiar combination of talents necessary to the production and performance of a humorous musical sketch? How does he pass from the chrysalis stage of the clever amateur to the full-fledged professional, able to hold the attention of a large audience, and command practically what terms he likes?

Happening to come across Mr. Mercer Adam at an afternoon party of which he had been the bright particular star, I thought I would set these questions at rest, and I managed to get a little chat with the popular entertainer.

"Yours is a wonderful gift, Mr. Mercer Adam, and I do congratulate you on having turned a dull party into such a success. I wish you would tell me how it was that you first commenced to be an entertainer."

"In the oddest way in the world," replied Mr. Mercer Adam; "you might almost say by an accident. I went down to Yarmouth to join some friends on a yacht, and the weather was so awful that I couldn't get to them or they to me. So there I was, becalmed for eight days at Yarmouth—the sort of place where one sends one's butler for a holiday. By way of passing the time, I used to go to the East Pier every day and listen to the comic singers, and before I went away I had caught up all their songs, and I thought it would be amusing to string them together, with a little thread of narrative to connect them, calling it 'A Trip to Dover; or, There and Back for Eighteenpence.' I added a sketch of an imaginary entertainment at the end, with imitations of Madame Patey and a couple of actors supposed to be giving a show at the Town Hall. When I joined my friends on the yacht, I tried all the tunes on the piano, and it seemed to amuse them, and afterwards I gave the entertainment at a number of penny readings and charity concerts."

"I suppose you soon became greatly in request: entertainers of your class are so rare?"

"Oh, you would be surprised if you knew how quickly one becomes known as an entertainer. Why, on one morning I received letters from strangers from Devonshire, Cheshire, Northumberland, and Perthshire, asking me to perform for various charities."

"I suppose they offered you handsome fees?"

"They offered me nothing at all—I was an amateur. All my income might have gone in travelling expenses if I had gone wherever I was asked. Stop, though, the Perthshire people did offer me a fee when I told them it was too far for me to go. They offered me ten pounds, but, as the journey would have cost me about eight, it wouldn't have been a profitable transaction."

"What was the most successful entertainment you were ever connected with?"

"The Royal Masonic Bazaar, at Edinburgh, in 1891. They gave me a little theatre there, capable of seating 350 people, and I gave entertainments all day long, from one o'clock till ten. I made £553 in the five days for them. *Truth* said it beat the record."

"Did you do it all by yourself? It must have been frightfully tiring."

"Oh, it was! At the end of the fourth day I lost my voice, and then I gave sham hypnotic entertainments. It was the greatest fun in the world. I did it as Kennedy used at the Aquarium. I had a lot of confederates in the hall, and the moment I appeared they all trooped up on the platform. I only had people who were important and well known in the neighbourhood—Provincial Grand Masters, and so on!—and everybody roared when they saw Lord Blythwood nursing Lord Haddington on his knee and feeding him out of a bottle. The country people quite believed in it all, and one of them said to Lord Haddington as he left the hall, 'Does you no hurt ye at all?'"

"You got a good fee for this, I suppose?" said I, being nothing if not practical.

"No; nothing."

"Oh, dear! I should not like to work so hard for nothing," said I.

"However, of course, you were getting good practice all this time, and no one can be an entertainer without that."

"Oh, yes, I got practice," said Mr. Mercer Adam; "and I also got excellent Press notices. Some of my best notices were gained when I was only an amateur."

"Then, when did you make your professional *début*?" I asked.

"Oh, only the other day, at Mr. Griffith's *matinée* at the Lyric Theatre. I was most kindly received, and it led to a substantial offer from an important manager."

"Have you ever given entertainments out of England?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, in many countries, in Egypt, America, and Canada, for instance. I had a good deal of success in America. I found the Americans particularly appreciative. My greatest success there was made in a little sketch I gave at the Lambs' Club in New York. Mr. Irving had just left the room, and I introduced an imitation of him into my recitation, with the result that I had to repeat it three times."

"I can tell that you have great mimetic powers, Mr. Adam."

"Well, it is supposed to be a family gift—in fact, it has been in my family for three generations. In the days of the old Lyric Club, in Bond Street, they would always make me give imitations of actors. I can do

Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Blakeley, Julia Neilson, Mr. Penley, Mr. Odell, and many others. Mr. Odell is supposed to be one of my best"—here Mr. Mercer Adam paused, and recited a parody on "Mary had a little lamb," exactly after the style of the actor. "Do you recognise that?" he asked. "Do you remember Odell?"

"Oh, perfectly! You recall him exactly. I can almost see his ringlets. But how do you get your imitations so exact? Do you go to see the actors many times?"

"No; it does not take me long. I go to see them in some particular play a few times, and study some characteristic sentence. I write all my entertainments myself, and am always busy composing new songs. I write both the words and the music."

"Have you published any of your songs?"

"Yes; one or two. The most successful has been 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat.'"

"And which is the song you have been most successful with in public?"

"'Little Willie,'" replied Mr. Mercer Adam, without hesitation; "that always seems to go down."

"'Little Willie's gone to—h'm,'" said I, laughing. "It is very funny; but isn't it risky? Do you find people are shocked at it?"

"No; I don't. A few people pretend to be shocked; but I don't think anybody minds it. An entertainer requires a good deal of tact, of course; he must suit his style to his audience."

"Are you fond of your profession?"

"I am devoted to it," replied Mr. Adam, "and it keeps me busy

all the time—writing new songs, and so on. I began to sing very early in life; I used to take the soprano solos at Rugby. I like it when I get a sympathetic audience. Applause is the breath of life to the entertainer. It is such a very personal thing, an entertainment. You feel as if you can't get on without applause."

"Tell me a little more about your method. How do you fix the attention of your audience?"

"I always recite to one person," replied the entertainer. "I fix on one face in the audience, and give my whole entertainment to that one. I watch that face, and when I see the look of comprehension and the answering smile it helps me more than you can understand."

"Do you think there is much opening for a society entertainer at present?"

"The Bond Street libraries tell me that there is—more particularly in the suburbs. I have had several engagements in Highgate, Hampstead, and even farther out."

"I expect you will go on the stage later on?"

"Yes, I think of trying the burlesque stage later on, perhaps in the autumn. I am studying stage-dancing with Mr. Crompton already: it is such an important thing in burlesque. And that reminds me I must be off now to my lesson. We must have some more talk another time," and so saying, Mr. Mercer Adam took leave of me.

L. H. A.



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. MERCER ADAM.



## MISS BESSIE HATTON.

Miss Bessie Hatton has had the advantage in her stage career of being daughter of Mr. Joseph Hatton, whose name is well known to all who take an interest in book or newspaper land. Yet so greatly has she pleased the public and the critics by her work that she probably would have made her way to the front had she been of the most obscure parentage. Ever since, in "Judah," she made a deep impression by her curious, mystic acting as the consumptive girl her career has been



Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

MISS BESSIE HATTON AS LUCY WHITE IN "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

watched with interest. Her playing in her father's version of "The Prince and the Pauper" was really too painfully clever, so it was with pleasure that we saw her playing light comedy in "The Transgressor." Everyone has been to see her in Mr. J. M. Barrie's pretty play, and public and critics are almost unanimous in warmly praising her performance as the lady secretary of the absent-minded professor.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Mr. Henry Irving's speech at the end of "The Merchant of Venice" confirms the statement that he intends to produce an English version of "Madame Sans-Gêne"; yet wild suggestions have been made that, despite his definite statement that he means to represent the "Little Corporal," the popular tragedian proposes to have Sardou's play converted into an English drama, of which General Monk is to be the central figure. Physically, no doubt, Mr. Irving could not present such an exact picture of the hero in worship of whom Heine bitterly belittled Wellington as that given by Mr. Murray Carson or the late Mr. Harry Jackson; but he certainly would be able to give a far more striking idea of the man than is offered to us by the Gaiety representative of the part, whose French is as unintelligible to his compatriots as is the German of Richter to the inhabitants of "Faterland."

Whether Miss Ellen Terry will be a successful rival to Madame Réjane is a matter on which at present it seems unwise to offer an opinion—advice has been freely offered. I do not quite envy Mr. Comyns Carr his task of Englishing Sardou's play. Doubtless, in his "King Arthur," which is to precede it, we shall have a stately play, untainted by any common phrase, and the change from its lofty style to a just rendering of the gutter speeches of "Madame Free-and-Easy" will be

very trying. Instead of suggesting that the part may not suit Miss Terry, I cannot help remarking that there seems little gain to the drama in presenting a deodorised version of a work that has little real value, and does not even show such a playwright as Sardou at his best, save in the prologue.

However, these remarks about the speech do not quite touch the performance of "The Merchant of Venice." Yet one might say a great deal about it. Certainly, great praise must be given to Mr. Henry Irving for his Shylock. What is the true view of Shakspeare in drawing the character is a matter of dispute, but it seems clear that the actor is on the side of those who share the views expressed by Mr. Frank Marshall in his remarks about the play in the Henry Irving "Shakspeare." For the Lyceum Shylock is a strong—fortunately, now needless—argument for toleration of the Jews. Not a soul was there in the theatre who, after the splendid playing in the trial scene, did not feel on the side of the outwitted money-lender. A curiously-contrasted set of parts has Mr. Irving played this season—Mephistopheles, Becket, and Shylock, and I think the greatest of these is Shylock. Miss Ellen Terry's Portia is such a popular piece of work that one can taint admiration by a regret that she should be needlessly restless in her work.

Miss Cissy Loftus possibly has been coerced into imitating Bernhardt, as she was into her hardly successful mimicry of Mr. Arthur Roberts. To tell the truth, it is a very easy and also an excessively difficult task to imitate the great French actress. One almost smiles at the ingenious paraphrase by Johnson, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," and yet is disposed to say, Who imitates an actress of genius must have some touch of genius. I remember how, when Miss Margaret Ayrtoun mimicked Mrs. Bernard Beere, at times she reproduced the tragical intensity of her model so powerfully as really to stir the audience for a moment by her tragic force; yet she made the resemblance perfect. Pretty Miss Cissy is hardly capable of this *tour de force*. Like others—the last of them was Madame Jane May—she catches something of the voice and manner of the great French actress, but the imitation has not the powerful fidelity of a Dixey's Henry Irving, a Frank Lindo's Wilson Barrett, a scene of the Charles Brookfield and Seymour Hicks' imitations in "Under the Clock."

It is only fair to say, however, that the charming girl satisfies the house with her Izéyl, though hampered by the business of the part. I am disposed to think she would be more successful in imitating Bernhardt in the famous "Les Deux Pigeons," if properly coached; but the general public would not be so completely convinced by imitations of the golden-voiced cooings as by the strange guttural noises that Madame Bernhardt adopts at times. The imitation must "rasp" Miss Cissy's throat considerably.

Circumstances have caused us to see too little lately of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and, consequently, Londoners have lost some laughter; therefore, I was glad to see him taking Mr. Wyndham's part in "The Candidate." I do not pretend to say that he plays it any better than the popular lessee; but there is a charm in the difference of style. To say which is the better would be like answering the proverbial question, "Which is the finer, a sheep or a ton of coal?" Each is the ablest of his school, and the relative value of the schools is a mere matter of taste.

It is curious to note the difference in the method of the two players when telling a lie. Mr. Wyndham seems to compose it instantly, and then to labour it out timidly, and be glad when the task is over. The lie appears to come gradually into Mr. Hawtrey's mind, and when he has perceived the basis he cautiously builds up his statement: after he has got it out, and sees that it is a success, his is no sigh of relief, but of satisfaction and pride; he seems to pat it on the back, and admire its depth and solidity. Of the older actor, one would be disposed to say "What a lucky liar!" of the younger, "What a splendid liar!" I meant to have said something about "Home Rule," the freshly-revived *lever de rideau* at the Criterion, but, really, it seems needless to do more than observe that it appears to please those people who do not indulge in late dinner or who scamp the coffee. By-the-bye, it is pleasant to see Miss Annie Hughes in a part that enables her to show some of her delightful gifts.

In the new *danse fantastique* at the Palace Theatre, called "La Baigneuse," there is a daring lack of connection between the title and the subject. One expected something about bathing, and the nearest approach to it was in the presence of a fountain with a living statue of Pan at the top. The *baigneuse* herself wore a dress as far removed from a *costume de bain* as could be. I am well aware that in the countries rational enough to permit mixed bathing stockings and corsets are worn by some ladies, but long skirts and complicated petticoats seem quite out of the question. However, it doesn't matter a bit, although, seeing what a reputation the Palace Theatre enjoys for candour concerning the human form, and, seeing also that Miss Ethel Ross-Selwieke is a very handsome young woman, some disappointment was felt in the house. As a dancer she has much to learn, but, since she has natural grace and fine breadth of movement, she should some day take a prominent position in her profession. Mr. Ivan Caryll's music is pretty, and if the quantity of invention shown by Mr. Sims is infinitely small, the whole affair makes a pleasant little entertainment.

MONOCLE.

## HER WISH.

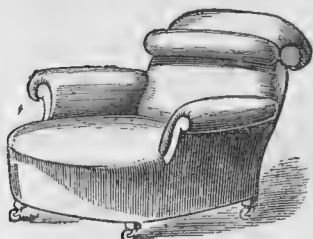
HE: "I'm going to ask your father for your hand to-night. Don't you wish me luck?"

SHE: "Yes; I hope he will have on his slippers."

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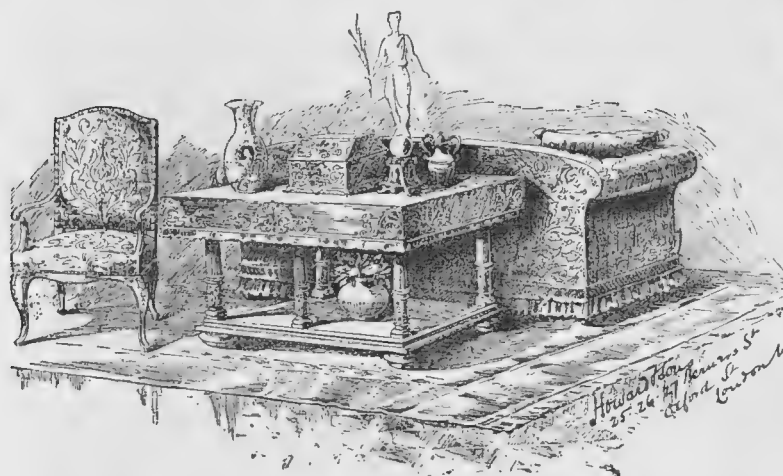


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### CURE OF OBESITY.

Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., has long been famous for his remedy for the cure of obesity. Those who suffer from this difficulty will, by sending sixpence to the above address, receive Mr. Russell's book (256 pages), containing testimonials from a great number of persons who have been benefited by the treatment, as well as a recipe for it. It matters not what be the weather or season, those who are

troubled suffer equally in hot weather and in cold; in summer they are overburdened by their own weight, in winter bronchial ailments are set up through the least cold, as the air tubes are not free to act, as they would otherwise do without the internal obstruction. Mr. Russell undertakes that persons under his treatment should lose one stone a month in weight, and that their health, strength, and activity should be regenerated.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

### A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.) published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book: send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks). Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm,

and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'—*Cork Herald*.

### SHOULD STOUT PERSONS STARVE THEMSELVES?

We are afraid that semi-starvation as a cure for corpulency prevails very much to a dangerous degree. Mr. Archer, the late well-known prominent jockey, was in the habit of going without food for a long stretch in order that he could ride a certain horse at its weight, and there is not much doubt that the debility resulting from this habit of abstemiousness was certainly not conducive to combating the dire attack of fever which was perhaps indirectly responsible for the untimely end, in the zenith of his fame, of this unfortunate but accomplished horseman. Even Mary Jane in the kitchen will eat sparingly of the food allowed her, while she will seek to reduce her fat by copious draughts from the vinegar cruet, and succeeds only in injuring the coats of her stomach—the forerunner of dyspeptic trouble which will be difficult to overcome. The Continental medics seem to advocate this great reduction of ordinary foods, but one of these savants suggests that the stout person should eat considerably of fatty meats, in order that the appetite be appeased, and consequently less food required, so that practically this is indirectly advocating semi-starvation. On the other hand, Mr. Russell, the British specialist, takes a different course. He says: "Eat as much as you like," and as it is an acknowledged fact that under his treatment persons lose from 2 to 12 lb. per week, it beyond doubt stands out pre-eminent against those so-called starvation cures "made in Germany." Some claim that Mr. Russell has to insist upon his patients drinking hot water every morning; but, on the contrary, he avers that it is dangerous to do so, and has, of course, never advised it. No; the success of Mr. Russell's treatment is incomparably beyond other specialists, for he resorts to no stringent dietary, and simply prescribes a harmless vegetable tonic combination, which is the outcome of years of study and botanical research. We advise all those interested in this question to get this book, the price of which is only 6d. It is entitled "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is published by him at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. It can be had direct, or through any bookseller."—*The Million*.

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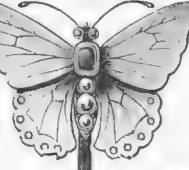
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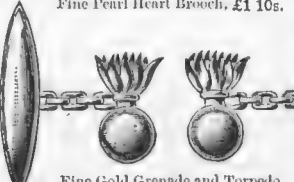
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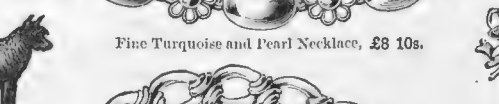
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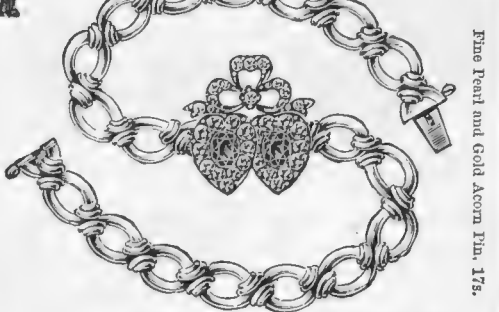
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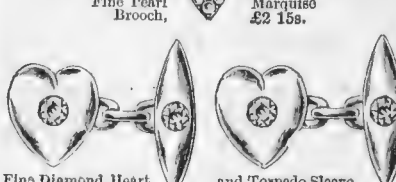
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# GLORIOUS GOODWOOD.

This week sleepy little Chichester wakes from its twelve-months' slumber to a few days of delirious excitement, for "Glorious Goodwood" is here, and to the drowsy cathedral city the Goodwood week is even as was the presence of the fairy prince to the slumbering palace in its tangled wood. The four principal streets of the Sussex capital, North, South, East, and West Streets, as they were christened centuries since by some Chichester worthy, more practical than imaginative, are positively crowded, and from the common centre where they meet the beautiful old market cross, perhaps the finest example of such a structure in the kingdom, looks, as it has looked at this season for many a year, on a throng of fashionable and sporting folk, and the visitor no longer feels as Robinson Crusoe felt on his island, a frame of mind for which during fifty-one weeks in the year there is really some excuse. As to the comfortable old Dolphin, that hostelry, like many others in the place, might borrow the "House Full" boards of a London theatre, for it is worse than useless to ask for entertainment there either for man or beast, unless such entertainment has been bespoken weeks ago. Although it is "*le Sport*" which draws all these fine frocks to Chichester, the number of worshippers at the ancient cathedral is wonderfully increased, and the important-looking official in a tall hat and a black velvet mantle, with glorified kitchen poker on shoulder, has quite an audience as he marshals the dignitaries of the cathedral through the quiet cloisters, while those dignitaries themselves no longer are in the proportion of one to each five of their congregation, as on a week-day I have sometimes seen them. Now climb the worn and winding staircase of the old belfry, which, separated by some yards of turf from the main building, stands all grey and weather-stained, and gives a comfortable shelter to the nine bells that celebrate the joys and sorrows of the sleepy little town beneath, and have done so—some of them, at least—since the days of good Queen Bess. From the flat roof, 120 ft. above the ground, you may see the votaries of the racecourse hurrying northwards to Goodwood Park. The course itself, with its Grand Stand, is behind the crest of the hill, but the white road leading thither seems full of life and bustle. The wooded park looks lovely from this height, though the house itself, built on the site of an older Gothic mansion and finished when the present century was young—that house that holds so much of artistic interest, that has entertained so many generations of great folks—is, with its vast stabling, once ruled over by Lord George Bentinck, hidden in a leafy hollow. But before toiling down these steep stone steps again it is worth while to look round in other directions besides Goodwood, for the old Campanile commands a magnificent view from Portsdown Hill on the west to the Devil's Dyke on the extreme east, while to the south is a glorious strip of blue, with a great steamer on the far horizon.

Then away to the racecourse, that gem of racing localities, to which an hour's walk on the greensward—far pleasanter than the dusty road—will bring you, and note, as you pass, how the remnants of those thousand cedars which were planted in the park a century ago are dotted picturesquely here and there. The London season, like an insatiable



Photo by Lock and Whitefield.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

gourmand, saves its *bonne bouche* in sporting matters to the very last, and then, when Fashion has rushed away to Cowes, to Scotland, to the Continent, Chichester drops asleep again for another year. But even in its hibernation it is well worth a visit from others beyond the American tourists, who delight in our cathedral cities, for there is a restful calm about Chichester very welcome in these days of worry and hurry.

# RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The name of Goodwood is a very ancient one, and is supposed to be a corruption of the Saxon name Goodwine. The estate was purchased by the first Duke of Richmond in 1720 from the Compton family. The modern house, built on the site of an old Gothic structure, which



LORD SETTRINGTON.

was destroyed in the early part of last century, has a frontage 160 ft. in length, ornamented in the centre with a double colonnade, and terminating at either end with a round tower, from which a wing spreads out at an obtuse angle. The whole building is composed of stone flints of neat masonry. The stables, which were designed by the architect of Somerset House, are quadrangular in form, and are remarkable for their size, the front measuring 213 ft. by 146 ft.

The Duke of Richmond, who is a prominent man about Goodwood time, might be described as a hard-working peer. At all events, he has been in his time. He has

served under the great Wellington and the late Earl of Beaconsfield, has been assiduous in his attentions to County Council work in Sussex, and his record of attendances at the House of Lords is better than many peers can show. The Duke is a great authority on railways and agriculture, and his game-book is kept as regularly as a ledger in a City office. He cannot be said to be fond of racing, although he owns a course, and is the father of one of the principal members of the Jockey Club, the Earl of March. In his early days the Duke hunted from Oxford with the Bicester pack, and now he visits, with annual regularity, his moors above Glenfiddich, on grouse-shooting bent. The Duke is a short, stout, grey-haired and grey-whiskered man, and is one of the very few among the higher nobility who still survive and retain the Queen's personal friendship. Further, in all the very important meetings of the Jockey Club the Duke of Richmond is always asked to preside.

Lord March, who is the Duke of Richmond's eldest son, is well known to racegoers, and of late years Lord March's son, Lord Settrington, has been very much in evidence at the Goodwood reunions. His Lordship, it will be remembered, last year married Miss Hilda Brassey. Lord Settrington is very fond of horses and hunting. He is a good angler, plays tennis well, and can handle the ribbons to perfection.

Goodwood was the scene of one of the cleverest bits of finessing ever known a few years back, the principal figure being a noble lord. Charles Wood was riding in a small race, for which there were but few starters. Scarcely any betting had taken place when the horses reached the post, but Wood's mount was the nominal favourite at 6 to 4. There was no genuine commission until the nobleman referred to approached one of the big operators, and, remarking that he wanted a big bet, asked for an offer on the field. "You can have 6 to 4, my Lord, to a couple of thousand, or 3 to 1 to the same amount bar Charley Wood's mount." "If you want to back Wood, I'll lay you 7000 to 4000 myself," replied his Lordship. The bookie, dumbfounded, knew his customer was interested in the horse that Wood rode; but, feeling certain that he would win if fancied, politely declined the offer. In a very short time "2 to 1 on the field" was being offered all down the rails, and was immediately accepted by a number of young swells who were in the swim. Needless to say, Wood's mount won, and in a canter, too; so the bookies were shot all round at 2 to 1. "Aren't you sorry you didn't take my little bet?" remarked his Lordship after the race, with a smile to the operator who had declined his offer.

I have heard rumours about the starting of a syndicate, to be composed of high society people, with a view to breaking the ring. The association will own and run horses, and will endeavour to appropriate the market by appointing agents in many of the big towns in the north. It may be mentioned for the benefit of the persons interested that none of our biggest plungers own horses at all. They find it far better to speculate on other people's, and I am inclined to think sometimes that they get the bigger share of the profit. Anyway, an owner once told me that he had a "certainty" weighed out for a Nursery about which he thought nobody knew anything. When he went into the ring the layers could not make him an offer, as they said Mr. X had cleared out the whole of their books. Luckily for the poor owner, Mr. X had laid him £500 to nothing, as the horse won easily.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## CRICKET.

The county of Somerset has assisted more than once in establishing a cricket record. Record-making, however, is not always a glorious thing. The other week the western county were defeated in a single innings and in one day by Lancashire, and in the next match received exactly the same chastisement at the hands of Yorkshire. Never before in the history of the game has a county been defeated in one day in two consecutive matches.

It is strange the liking that some batsmen have for a particular county's bowling. Frank Sugg, who up till the time he met Somerset at Manchester had done nothing worth talking about, suddenly returned to his best form and scored 105 in a little over eighty minutes on a sticky wicket. Only those who know the smiting capacity of the Lancashire giant can have but the faintest idea of the enthusiasm his batting displays produce. A few days later, and once more against Somerset bowling, Sugg distinguished himself by knocking up 157 (not out), when rain mercifully intervened on behalf of Somerset and stopped the play. I am afraid Lancashire have begun too late to win matches to have the slightest chance of championship honours.

To put it mildly, Surrey made an awful hash of it in their match against Kent at Catford Bridge. It is true that they had the worst of the wicket; but there is hardly any excuse for the pitiful, paltry score of 77 which the Surrey men made in their first innings. Kent were wonderfully consistent in their scoring, with 113 at the first attempt and 112 at the second. Out of this number Leslie Wilson, the dashing Kent

from defeat at Taunton last season, when the last man went in with an impossible number of runs to get. An interesting fixture should also be seen at Leyton to-morrow, when Essex entertain Hampshire. Hampshire people contend that they have a perfect right to be included among first-class counties, but, so far, they have been defeated in all the first-class matches they have played.

I would just remind my readers that the Canterbury week begins next Monday with a match between Kent and Warwickshire. On the same day, Gloucester and Sussex meet at Bristol, when it is understood that C. L. Townsend and T. A. Curtis, who have recently been doing so well for Clifton College, will assist Gloucester. The county of the Graces could do with some fresh blood of the right sort. It may be remembered that Townsend rendered the county great assistance at the end of last season. A match of unusual importance takes place at Bradford next Monday, when Yorkshire and Lancashire meet for Peel's benefit in their own mutual destruction. It is sincerely to be hoped that "Sir Robert," as Peel is familiarly called, will receive a bumper. No man has done more for his county, and, excepting "W. G.," I doubt whether any man has done more for his country. He is one of the oldest cricketers playing, and his form with bat and ball is nearly as good as ever.

## GOLF.

One would have thought the first man to accept Andrew Kirkaldy's challenge to the world to play a home-and-home match would have been Douglas Rolland, who, not so very long ago, issued a similar challenge



W. H. GREENHOW.



G. JORDAN.



W. J. OAKLEY.

Photo by Hawkins and Co., Brighton.

amateur, scored 80 in superb style. He played the fast bowling of Lockwood and Richardson with greater ease than most men do on a true wicket. To Mr. Wilson and Walter Hearn the chief honours of their side belong. Last season Hearn was mainly responsible for the breakdown of the Surrey batsmen, and this year he has been perfectly irresistible. In all he captured thirteen wickets for 98 runs. The only men who played up to their reputation on the Surrey side were Abel and Brockwell in batting, and Lockwood in bowling.

Richardson, who puts so much muscular work into his bowling, could not keep his feet on the greasy surface, and failed to get a single wicket in the second innings. This, however, was the opportunity of Lockwood, who usually comes to the top when other men are failing. In the second innings of Kent he actually obtained eight wickets for 34 runs, and in the match captured thirteen for 83.

One result of Surrey's defeat is to leave the championship as open as ever. Yorkshire and Surrey are still leaders, but they are none too far ahead of Middlesex and Kent.

Next Monday will once more see the great Bank Holiday annual fixture between Surrey and Notts. A few weeks ago people were saying that this annual fixture would lose its hold upon the public owing to the weakness of the visiting county; but several things have happened since then, including the return of Arthur Shrewsbury to first-class cricket. A match in which great batsmen like Gunn and Shrewsbury are engaged is always certain to attract a crowd in London, although, singularly enough, they fail to draw the people of Notts. Surrey won their first fixture with Notts easily enough this season, and, though on form they ought to repeat this win, there is sufficient uncertainty about the result to create excitement for Bank Holiday cricketers.

There is only one county championship match down for decision to-morrow, that between Somerset and Sussex at Taunton. Both counties are very low down at present, and, as far as one can see, they are fairly well matched. Somerset usually get the better of their matches with Sussex, and it will be remembered that rain saved the seaside county

and won the event against Willie Park. So far, there are two candidates for the honour of playing Kirkaldy. These are Willie Fernie, of Troon, and Taylor, of Winchester. In a match of this importance Taylor ought certainly to have first call as holder of the open championship. There can be no doubt that Kirkaldy is a brilliant match-player, and quite good enough to test the abilities of the champion. I have heard it said that Taylor in match play is rather nervous; but it ought to be remembered that not so very long ago he beat Rolland in a friendly contest. Of course, it might be different with Taylor if he were playing for a large stake.

Record-breaking is becoming very common. Of course, most of the new scores are over new greens. Alexander, the resident professional at Littlestone, has done the extended course in 76; John Connochie has compassed the Selkirk in 75, and Captain Scott has done Langham course in 79. One reads also of the record made at Trinidad by a Mr. Lubbock, who went round in 50. One cannot estimate the value of this performance without knowing the number of holes and the quality of the green.

## ATHLETICS.


We give to-day portraits of three Oxford athletes who did so much to win the recent Yale v. Oxford contest for the home Varsity. The track on the occasion was too heavy to admit of very fast times, but W. H. Greenhow, of Exeter, has already proved himself capable of getting within a second and a-half of the amateur record. Properly trained and paced on a good track, it can hardly be doubted that he will yet, if he gives his mind to it, run the distance in something like 4 min. 18 sec., or better. W. J. Oakley, of Christ Church, who so unexpectedly won the hurdle race for his Varsity against Yale, is the well-known Association footballer. Next to Fry, perhaps, Oakley is one of the best all-round athletes at Oxford. G. Jordan, of University College, will long be remembered for the extraordinary effort he made in winning the quarter-mile event against Yale. Like many another distinguished athlete, Jordan was educated at Dulwich College before going to Oxford.—OLYMPIAN.



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UNIMPEACHABLE  
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"I have used it with success  
WHEN OTHER REMEDIES  
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Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the world. It is prepared under the supervision of a qualified pharmacist, and is widely recommended by medical men.

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(ABSOLUTELY NON-POISONOUS).

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COOL, WHITE, CLEAR, AND FIRM.**

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TANNING WIND,  
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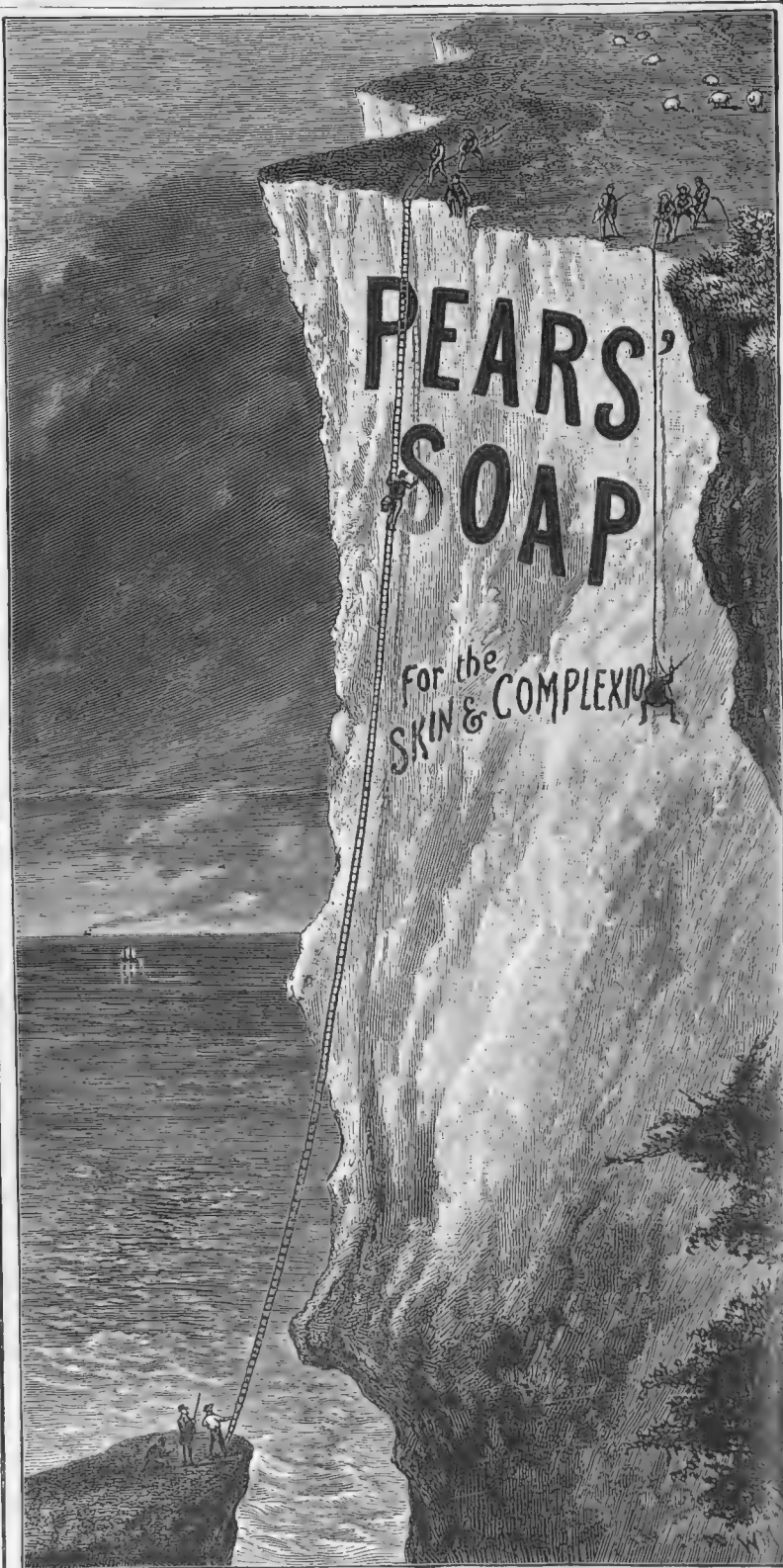
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"One of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin."

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(Late President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.)

"Matchless for the Hands and Complexion."

ADELINA PATTI.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

We move slowly, very slowly. Evicted Tenants has been read a second time and has passed into Committee, and so, too, has the Bill for the Equalisation of London Rates. But that obstruction is on the war-path, there can be no doubt whatever—the same persons are playing the same game. Amendments are being piled up against the Evicted Tenants Bill just as they were piled up against the Home Rule Bill. Trivial amendments, amendments which repeat the same point in slightly different language, all sorts and sizes of amendments are crowding each other on the paper. If they are all discussed, and if any appreciable part of the Government programme is to be carried through, we shall not be up before the end of October. The question is, What is the Government going to do? and that is not an easy question to answer. Sir William Harcourt ought, of course, to have moved the closure before, and he is to blame for having reversed, in this respect, the procedure which Mr. W. H. Smith thought it right and proper to adopt. The reform of procedure in 1887 placed on the Speaker the responsibility for accepting the closure or of refusing it even when it was moved by the Government. Mr. Smith always said that the Speaker was forced to accept the responsibility which the new standing order laid upon him. If Mr. Smith wanted the closure, he would move it; if the Speaker would not accept it, he would retire to his private room, come back and move it again and again until he got his way. Sir William, on the other hand, never proposes the closure until he understands in a private way that the Speaker is willing to accept it. That is all very well; but it makes the Government responsible in appearance for a state of things of which the Speaker is the real, though the concealed, arbiter, and this will never do.

THE WEAPON OF THE CLOSURE.

But the question still remains whether the weapon of the closure can now be of much use to the Government. Evicted Tenants and Equalisation of Rates are both in Committee, and there, of course, the Speaker has no power. The trouble arises from the multiplicity of occasions on which debate can be made to hang. If you closure one man or one amendment another springs up, and there are hardly any bounds to the ingenuity of men like Mr. Hanbury and Mr. Bowles, who know every turn of the game, every slight variety of expression that can be twisted into an amendment, and every Parliamentary occasion on which a motion may be made. The Chairman, of course, can refuse to put them, can dock unnecessary speeches, and he can decline trivial amendments. But Mr. Mellor is not the man for heroic measures. He is timid; he is passive, and he has not the keen, searching intellect of Mr. Courtney, who used to follow the controversy with unflinching comprehension on its minutest point. I am afraid, therefore, that the Evicted Tenants Bill will meander on in the same way as the Home Rule Bill, and the discussion on it will be prolonged until the Tories have made it perfectly sure that nothing else can be carried; then they will graciously allow it to slide through and be killed by the Lords. This is the game, and it is being played with the usual skill and absence of scruple. And, somehow, the Ministry, under Sir William Harcourt's guidance, do not give the impression of any conspicuous degree of firmness in meeting it.

THE DISTRESSED DUKES AGAIN.

We have had, oh! such a comic scene in the House of Lords over the Budget. The attack in force on the Budget, if it was ever seriously entertained, has, as I anticipated, come to nothing. The Dukes have recoiled in face of a contest between the two Houses on the taxation of the people. The Bill has passed the second reading, to the tune of a perfect wail from the big landlords. Their leader has, for the nonce, been, not Lord Salisbury, but the Duke of Devonshire. For the moment, Lord Salisbury found a better spokesman than he himself could have been. It is said that the Duke of Devonshire eats, drinks, sleeps, and dreams of the Budget. He is bitterly dissatisfied with it. He talks perpetually of the changes it will bring about in his own estates, and he curses a revolutionary Government and all its works. It is a pity that a man who, as a landlord, is one of the best in England should take on in this fashion. But his speech in the Lords was a ludicrous piece of unconscious humour. I have never seen the Duke of Devonshire so moved; his voice trembled; his sentences were delivered with unwonted force and fire, though there was not a syllable in the speech which suggested the smallest regard for public interests. It would have been pathetic, if it had not been so funny, to gaze on this spectacle of a good man firmly believing himself and his class to be struggling with a cruel fate. It was amusing, too, to watch the intellectual and physical contrast between the Duke and Lord Herschell, who certainly delivered as instructive a little criticism of his effort as could well be imagined. The Duke of Devonshire plaintive and deeply distressed; Lord Herschell cool, commonplace, clear, incisive, and more than a little contemptuous: it was really very funny to watch the encounter between these two gentlemen. As to the debate, it came to absolutely nothing. Lord Rosebery, on the principle that he did not consider that the House had anything to do with the Budget Bill, moved the second reading by simply raising his hat, and Lord Salisbury, seeing that the Prime Minister stood out of the discussion, followed his example. The debate, after beginning with shriek of despair by Lord Feversham, ended in a mere fatuous cry, dying away into silence. It was the poorest show the House of Lords has had for many a long day—and that is saying a good deal.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

To-day, Wednesday, August the First, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Four, is the proudest day of Sir William Harcourt's life. Who gives banquets to Lord Rosebery? Why, he has to give banquets to other people for winning the Derby. But for winning the Budget—the Great Budget of 1894—the epoch-making *magnum opus* of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and the last working session of the once flourishing Liberal party—for that unique achievement of a barren session the Chancellor of the Exchequer is rewarded to-night by the long-prepared festivities at that palace of Radical ease and democratic luxury, the National Liberal Club. It is even whispered that the great man means to unbend at the dinner, and give pledges that he—yes, that he positively *will not* retire after all. I tremble to think what may happen between to-day and to-day fortnight, when the Ministers are to take a combined jollification at Greenwich. But for a fortnight, at any rate, Sir William's manly bosom will swell with the elation of a great dinner, greatly earned. And let nobody whisper that disappointment with Rosebery has anything to do with this sudden and untraditional popularity of Harcourt.

A PURELY LONDON QUESTION.

Equalisation of Rates has popped up above the political horizon for two days, and gone down again without a division. Like the famous baby, it opened its eyes, took a peep, didn't like it, and went asleep. That, I imagine, will be the epitaph of the Government's Equalisation of Rates Bill. It was thoroughly discussed by both sides, and the result was that, while everybody was in agreement that London rates ought to be equalised, there was also a fair consensus of opinion that this was exactly what the Government Bill failed to do. The fact about the Bill is that it is an attempt on the part of London Radicals to force upon Conservative London a reform which can only be obtained by importing votes from Scotland and Ireland into the discussion. The probability is that no time will be found for the Committee stage of the Bill. But if it is, the London majority—preponderatingly Conservative—will do their best to make it a good Bill. This can only be done by entirely recasting it, and I don't see how Mr. Shaw-Lefevre could accept such wholesale modifications. He would, therefore, have to vote the London members down by means of the Irish contingent. Slightly absurd, of course; but what else is a modern Radical to do? Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was invited to send the Bill for its Committee stage to a London Grand Committee, analogous to that which was given to Scotland on the Scotch Parish Councils Bill. But Mr. Shaw-Lefevre mildly put the suggestion by. Scotland shows a Radical majority, and, therefore, the devolution in that case was quite a different thing. And even in the Scotch Grand Committee the unfortunate Sir George Trevelyan has got more kicks than ha'pence. Were Mr. Shaw-Lefevre to entrust himself among the London members, he would hardly expect to escape unconverted: and from a truly Radical point of view conversion to Toryism, or even to London Moderation, is even more awful to contemplate than are the prospects of the General Election, which would hardly be looked forward to with hope.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN RELIEF BILL.

The House has settled down to the Evicted Tenants Bill, and it looks as if no other business had any chance of being seriously proceeded with. The second reading majority of thirty-two was only instructive to the extent of showing that some half-dozen Gladstonians (old style) would not vote for the Bill, and that Mr. Courtney was blind enough to the real object of the Cabinet to refuse to vote against it. But on the very first day in Committee the absurd farce of the second reading debate, in which only one Cabinet Minister—Mr. Morley—spoke, and he only for a quarter of an hour, in reply to all the Opposition criticisms, was exposed in an exceedingly dramatic fashion. The Bill is called an "Evicted Tenants Arbitration Bill," but it was speedily discovered in Committee that this was an utter misnomer. The tenants who come under the Bill, Mr. Morley confessed on Thursday, are not only those who have been evicted for non-payment of rent, but all tenants who have left their holdings for any reason whatever since 1879. There is no excuse whatever for this paltry Parliamentary trick. Nobody understood on the second reading that this was the character of the Bill; indeed, Mr. Morley himself entered into figures to show that the number of the evicted tenants who might possibly come under his Bill was between three and four thousand only. The discovery on Thursday was so important that if it had not been for the technical point that the Opposition had not divided against the second reading, but only on the amendment to read the Bill six months hence, it would have had to be sent back for second reading as a Bill of which the title did not represent the contents. This Ministry has been singularly unlucky, to say the least of it, in drafting its Bills according to their titles. Mr. Bowles, it may be remembered, found similar flaws, both in the Home Rule Bill and also in the Budget. It so happened that Mr. Bowles was resting from his labours on the Budget, or else this exceedingly wide-awake politician would very likely have found out the blot in this Bill, too. But what a commentary all this is on the hurry and scurry with which the Government propose to rush through their legislation at the fag-end of the session! Meanwhile, the Ministerialists bark "Obstruction!" as if they thought the country could not see through all this trickery and shuffling. It is rather stupid to shout "Obstruction!" so often, for now people have got quite used to it, and nobody pays attention.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## A NEW DEPARTURE IN FURNISHING.

For this week, at any rate, I have ceased from the pursuit of chiffons, fascinated by the counter-attractions of house furnishing, an occupation which to nine women out of ten is an all-enthalling and altogether delightful one, even when—as in my case—they are not choosing their own household gods, but are merely giving their valuable notice and countenance to the proceedings on behalf of some friend or other who is contemplating a plunge into the sea of matrimony. And as marrying and giving in marriage, and the consequent setting-up of new homes, continues to go on steadily month in and month out, a discussion on the best way of furnishing is always sure to interest some prospective bride and bridegroom, and so let me first of all have a word with those who want to lay out £500 to the very best advantage, for I discovered the means of doing so when I paid a visit the other day to those fascinating premises at 181, Oxford Street, bearing the name of Messrs. S. J. Waring and Sons, Limited, who, by-the-way, for the information and edification of any who may not already be aware of the fact, are decorators and upholsterers to her Majesty.

This same famous firm, then, are prepared to furnish completely a suite of five rooms in the most perfect style for the inclusive sum of £500, all



AN IDEAL DINING-ROOM.

the colours being harmoniously arranged, while the woodwork is artistically designed to suit the various rooms. Take, for example, the dining-room, of which I have got a sketch for you, and see if it does not seem to you the very *beau ideal* of a luxuriously comfortable, artistic, and, withal, handsome apartment, in which any young married couple should certainly be perfectly happy. It is fitted with an oak mantelpiece, and oak furniture upholstered in morocco, and the windows are gracefully draped with beautiful tapestry in a soft shade of green. Passing on to the drawing-room, imagine it, if you please, carried out in the Sheraton style, the mahogany inlaid furniture being reproduced from antique models, while the walls are panelled with delicate rose-coloured silk, and the window arches draped with powder-blue brocade. As for all the exquisite little "bits" which go to make up a perfect whole, you want to see them and pore over them as I did to fully appreciate them; but this is by no means all, for there is a library, with bookcase fittings in walnut-wood, and cosy corner seats by the fire, rich velvet curtains and tapestry-covered chairs, to say nothing of a bed-room, furnished in the Sheraton style, with mahogany and satin-wood, and draperies of dainty cretonne, and two spare bed-rooms, also completely furnished.

Now, all I can say is, who would not get married and enjoy the possessive delights of a thoroughly artistic and comfortable home when you can do so for £500? It seems to me that Messrs. Waring will be responsible for a great number of weddings, and, truly, anyone who places their furnishing in the hands of this firm can dismiss any further anxiety from their minds and be perfectly easy and happy in the consciousness that everything will be all that the most exacting could desire. Messrs. Waring manufacture all their own goods, I must tell

you, so, consequently, their prices are surprisingly low. Just as an example, let me tell you that you can get a bed room suite of very pretty Canadian bass-wood, comprising a wardrobe with mirror panel, washstand, dressing-table, and two chairs, for—prepare for a great surprise—five pounds! If such a price does not deserve a note of exclamation after it, I don't know what does. Then, what do you think of a handsome table, "The Wolseley," with a revolving bookcase at the top, for four guineas, and a splendidly-made solid oak table for five pounds? These are three examples out of as many hundreds; but they will serve their purpose, and show you that you can make your mind perfectly easy as to Messrs. Waring's prices; they are arranged to suit everybody. In short, you should really go and look over their huge premises at 181, Oxford Street, for of modern furniture you can see every imaginable kind; while, if you revel in historic antiquities, there is a baronial hall from an old French chateau, which Messrs. Waring have fitted up with its carved panelling and chimney-piece, and which is a perfect museum of antique curios, containing a vast number of relics, none of which are less than three hundred years old, and among which is included a chair brought from Anne Hathaway's cottage, and in which Shakspeare must often have sat. Then, have you a weakness for old embroidery? for you will rarely see such a wonderful collection as that to be found here—embroideries which are such marvels of workmanship that it sometimes

seems almost incredible that they should have been worked by hand—old pieces of silver, which would delight the heart of any lover of antiquities; in fact, if you come to think of it, there is something for everybody. But, whatever else you do, or do not do, be sure to look at the exquisite suites of fitted bed-rooms, and particularly at one, carried out in white enamel, and with draperies and papering combining the palest shades of pink and blue. The bed, which is placed in a curtained alcove, is a positive dream of beauty, the roseate silk drapery radiating from an electric-light globe like the rays of the rising sun. The front of the wardrobe, too, is uniquely beautiful, for it is arranged in an open trellis-work which shows the shimmering of the blue silk beneath. And this is only one bed-room, and there are others with washstands built into little alcoves and cunningly illuminated by electric light; bookshelves within tempting reach of the bed, and the cosiest seats by the fireside; rooms too beautiful and elaborate for description, and which simply demand your personal inspection. If you have already got a houseful of furniture, you will be sure to find some pretty things which will add to the general effect, and you should give your special attention to the charming wall-papers and

cretonnes, which are supplied to match exactly, as Messrs. Waring make a great feature of them, and show an enormous variety, all thoroughly artistic, and wonderfully cheap, too; in fact, anything connected with a house, from a yard of cretonne to a complete installation of electric light, can be obtained at 181, Oxford Street; so matrimonial candidates will do well to direct their steps there as speedily or as leisurely as the occasion demands.

## SENSIBLE PRESENTS.

And speaking of marriage reminds me of a charming instance of one particular bridegroom's thoughtful kindness: one of his numerous presents to his bride-elect was a perfect coat of smoke-blue cloth, tight-fitting and double-breasted, and finished with deep roll collar, revers, and cuffs of the finest sable. That is the sort of present which any woman would appreciate, and there is a pretty touch of sentiment in the thought of enjoying the cosy warmth of a garment provided by the one particular "him." And, as a matter of fact, bridegrooms seem to be realising at last the direction in which their lady-love's wishes as regards presents incline, for they told me at the International Fur Stores, in Regent Street, where I saw the coat in question, that they were taking a good many orders of the same kind. Another lucky bride was to be the recipient of a superb coat of caracule fur, reaching to the bottom of the dress. It was made with slightly full skirts, which fell in perfectly graceful folds, and had sleeves big enough to slip comfortably over even an exaggerated dress sleeve, while in front there was a smart little zouave arrangement, turned back with wide revers of chinchilla, and finished with a deep collar of the same fur. It was a magnificent garment, and, though one could not appreciate it to the full on a July day, which happened to be a particularly

[Continued on page 53.]



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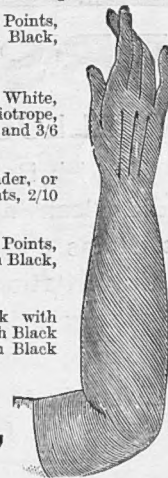
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Ladies' Ribbed Spun Silk Combinations, in White or Flesh Pink, Low Necks, 7/8 each; High Necks, 8/2 each.

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and other Pastimes, as well as for Ordinary  
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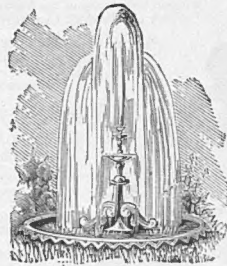
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FANCY HOUSES IN THE THREE  
QUEENDOMS.

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warm one, it was easy to imagine what a priceless boon it would be in the winter months; and I must say that I consider the girls who are about to be married seem particularly sensible in this respect, for they are providing themselves with furry garments for their various trousseaux while the summer prices are in vogue, instead of waiting till the cold weather has sent them up to an alarming extent. So take a lesson from them, and follow them speedily to the International Fur Store; or, if you can't afford a new sealskin, and have an old one that is beginning to show signs of wear round the basques, let me advise you to have it transformed into one of the little double-breasted Eton jackets, which are the perfection of smartness. You remember that the other week I recommended the "Alma" book of designs for poker work, and I now find that the designer, Mrs. Alma Scott, has removed her studio from Guilford Place to 27, Brunswick Square, so it is to this latter address that you should send your half-guinea if you want a copy of her clever and useful book.

FLORENCE.

## BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

### V.—A MAN'S FOES.

"Bragging," said the Honorary Member, "is a sign of humility. The man with a low opinion of himself is in a constant state of surprise at his own doings. What we call boasting is simply his attempts to share this emotion with somebody else."

"Is it?" remarked the Secretary, gloomily, and he retired again into his cigar.

"Supposing," said the Red-faced Man, "that the person who brags has not done anything at all—what then?"

But the Honorary Member would not entertain the supposition.

"There was a man in my old club," said the Vice-Captain, "that you ought to have known. He only belonged to us for one season; but in the first month he got through as much talk as an ordinary mortal can compass in a lifetime. He had only one topic of conversation—his own doings. That he was in a state of surprise about them is not improbable, for in truth he had been very remarkable indeed. The committee must have doubted Newton's batting stories, otherwise they would scarcely have waited until the middle of June before giving him a trial.

"It was a glorious afternoon, and the Ladies' Tent was crowded with sympathetic criticism smartly befrocked. Newton's supporters alone monopolised a whole row. There was his wife, a bright-eyed, fresh-coloured young woman, his wife's unmarried sisters, going as far down the family as the one with the double pigtail and the compromised skirts (the sisters-in-law were arrayed in chronological order); then came his mother, the most excited of all, his own sister, and his partner's niece. Two little boys in sailor suits kept the extremities of the line in communication.

"It was a foolish game. Our opponents turned up two short, and upon a wicket that could have given points to the proverbial billiard-board totalled but fifty-seven. These we knocked off without losing a wicket. When it came to Newton's turn to distinguish himself, the telegraph board showed 250, and the bowling and fielding had gone to rags. For a first appearance the circumstances could scarcely have been less propitious. With a soft thing in progress the spectators are notoriously hypercritical. It is not enough, then, to obtain runs; a man must get them well to avoid censure. Newton made twenty-five in a style not at all reminiscent of the great masters, and was clean bowled playing back to a yorker. He was half-way to the Pavilion, and making a creditable attempt to appear disappointed, when he was stopped by shrill cries upon his left front. It was the two little boys, who had just evaded the half-hearted restraint of their mother, and were tearing across the field to share in the triumph of their father's return. He waited for them to come up, and it was noticed that from that moment his demeanour changed. One child seized hold of each hand, and the march towards the Pavilion was resumed. A fox-terrier puppy headed the party, barking vociferously.

"'Father has made twenty-five!' the eldest boy shrieked to a chubby youngster in front of the scoring-box—a child who had watched 'centuries' in the making, and who was regarding the family procession with solemn scorn.

"'Aunt Lucy said you would give us some pennies 'cos you had made such a magnificent store,' said the youngster, while his father was getting off the pads. For the remainder of the afternoon the child was going round showing his pennies and explaining to everyone what they were for.

"When Newton went to the Ladies' Tent, his wife rose to meet him, and pressed both his hands. There was a look in her eyes that should have been laughable, but wasn't, and a smile of congratulation passed along from sister-in-law to sister-in-law like the morn breaking over a long line of hills. Dear, affectionate souls! Never was a good name strangled by such sweet usage. Newton beamed through it all, but it was with the smile of one that hides a mortal hurt.

"After Newton had left that evening, there was a heated discussion in the Pavilion. That he had lied atrociously there could be no gainsaying. A man inured to 'centuries' does not receive a family ovation about a paltry twenty. The Captain stuck up for the braggart warmly. 'Confound it, Sir!' he said, puffing indignantly, 'we are all liars, more or less; but the man who could give himself away, as Newton did, sooner than offend a couple of children, must be a thundering good sort.' And I think he was right."

B. A. CLARKE.

## FOR BANK-HOLIDAYERS.

But for the railways, Bank Holidays would be less a break in the busy townsman's year than they are. Another such holiday comes round on Monday, and, as usual, the railway companies have made special provision for tourists.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company will run a special cheap excursion (first and second class only) to Paris on Saturday by the special express day service, leaving London Bridge or Victoria at 9 a.m. Cheap excursion tickets (first, second, and third class) will also be issued by the express night service, leaving Victoria at 8.50 to-day, to-morrow, and on Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 6, inclusive. The company offer special facilities for the Goodwood Races.

The Midland Railway Company will run excursions from London to Leicester, Nottingham, Melton, Birmingham, Walsall, &c., on Saturday, returning the following Thursday; and to Edinburgh and Glasgow, returning the following Saturday. On Monday, Aug. 6., cheap day trips will also be run from Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, &c., to London; and from London (St. Pancras) to St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, Leicester, and Birmingham, and a two days' excursion to Manchester. Cheap daily and week-end excursions are run from St. Pancras and other Midland Stations to Southend-on-Sea by the new and shorter route, *via* the Tottenham and Forest Gate Line.

The London and North-Western Company to-morrow and on Friday run special trains at 6.25 p.m. for Holyhead and Ireland. On Saturday the 2 p.m. train from London (Euston) will convey passengers to Carlisle and Scotland only. A special train will leave Willesden Junction at 2.57 p.m. for Blisworth, Weedon, Rugby, Trent Valley Stations, and Stafford. Special trains will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m. for Coventry and Birmingham, arriving at 6.21 p.m. and 6.50 p.m. respectively. Cheap excursions will be run from London to Birmingham, Coventry, the English Lake district, Scotland, and to various other places on the company's system.

The South-Western Company announce excursions to Exeter, Barnstaple, Ilfracombe, Devonport, Plymouth, and other stations in the West of England, leaving Waterloo at 10.15 p.m. on Friday, the tickets being available to return on the following Monday, Saturday, Monday week, Saturday fortnight, or Monday fortnight, following the day of issue. Cheap excursions will also run on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, to stations in the West of England, North and South Devon, Dorset, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, &c.

It is the fashion to go to Norway in steamers crowded with English tourists; but unconventional people will be glad to learn of a little-known route by means of which, not only Norway, but Denmark and Sweden, may be reached under comfortable circumstances. This is the Harwich-Esbjerg Line to Copenhagen, which is claimed to be the national as well as the natural route to Denmark. The sea journey is often done in twenty-five hours, and the railway journey from Esbjerg to Copenhagen occupies less than nine hours. Circular tickets to cover Scandinavia are issued by Messrs. Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London.

The South-Eastern Railway Company announce that a cheap excursion will be run to Boulogne, leaving Charing Cross at 3.5 p.m. on Saturday, returning from Boulogne at 4.30 p.m. on Bank Holiday. Commencing to-day, special cheap first, second, and third class tickets will be issued daily at Charing Cross and Cannon Street Stations for intending visitors to the Antwerp Exhibition. These tickets will be available for thirty days. A cheap excursion to Calais will leave Charing Cross and Cannon Street at 8 a.m. on Bank Holiday, returning from Calais at 9 p.m. same day, or 1.30 a.m. Tuesday morning. Cheap day excursions will be run to Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, Tunbridge Wells, &c.

By the Hook of Holland route to the Continent passengers leaving London at 8.30 p.m. any evening, Sundays included, and Parkeston Quay, Harwich, at 10.15 p.m. the same day, by one of the Great Eastern Railway Company's fine twin-screw steamers, are due at Amsterdam, the Hague, and the chief Dutch towns early next morning. For the Antwerp Exhibition cheap weekly return tickets will be issued, and, should the traffic require it, a second steamer will be run on Thursday and Saturday.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce that on Friday night cheap five or eleven days' excursions will be run from London to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c. On Saturday cheap six days' excursions will be run from London to Huntingdon, Nottingham, Derby, &c. On Saturday night a special excursion for eight days will be run from London to Darlington, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. On Saturday and Monday day excursions will be run to Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Monday excursions will be run to St. Albans, Wheathampstead, Harpenden, &c., and Cambridge. Cheap return tickets will also be issued to Biggleswade on Monday. For Alexandra Park Races on Saturday a frequent service of special and ordinary trains will be run.

The Zealand Steamship Company, who take passengers to the Continent by the Queenborough and Flushing route, have reduced their fares. Trains leave twice daily from Victoria, Holborn, St. Paul's, and Herne Hill. The general excellence of the accommodation supplied makes this route an inviting one for travellers.



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, July 28, 1894.

Yesterday was the 200th anniversary of the Bank of England. In spite of the somewhat bitter cavillings called forth by recent events, we are all rather proud of our central banking institution, and I hope, dear Sir, you will join us in wishing another 200 years of prosperity to the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street."

The glut of money made the account an extremely easy one, contangos being very light, and in most markets the supply of stock very moderate. In Home Rails "Saras" and Districts were distinctly short, and improved 3-8ths and 7-8ths respectively. The forced sales from the closing of a large bull account in Peruvian and American stocks are now over, and the markets look healthier; but there is no life in the American market. The Atchison reorganisation is completely at a standstill pending Mr. Little's report. It is hardly likely to be very favourable, but we think the worst is known, and the worst has been made of that worst.

Internationals are about the strongest market, Paris having been buying freely. Indian Rails are inclined to weakness on the very serious damage done by rain storms to the Great Indian Peninsular and Bombay and Baroda Railways, tunnels being blocked, embankments washed away, and traffic at many points entirely suspended.

The great excitement of the week has been the announcement of the Allsopp dividend at 2 per cent., and the consequent heavy fall in that much-inflated stock. We should like to know who are responsible for the rumours put about of a 5 or 6, and at one time even 10, per cent. dividend. It has been a discreditable gamble all through, and we hope the public have rigidly left it to the professionals. It has been a fine time for original holders to get their money back.

The Greek default and negotiations, arbitrary withdrawal of delegates, and repudiation of their policy look strange, and are producing malicious rumours that there have been market operations by members of Greek bondholders' committees.

The unfortunate holders of Santa Fé bonds should moderate their transports over the tidings of comfort and joy contained in Messrs. Morton, Rose, and Co.'s cable advice from Buenos Ayres. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and the defenders of Jabez have an aversion to muddling away their money in paying their debts.

In the adjoining fertile and lovely province of Entre Rios, "where every prospect"—except the prospect of paying the bondholders—"pleases, and only man is vile," the honest and able Dr. Fernandez is in danger of losing all his popularity for presuming to offer a modest composition to the wicked bondholders, an offer promptly and patriotically withdrawn.

Ecuador has quickly tired of playing at being honest. In 1891-2 she "converted" her existing debt of £2,246,560 into £750,000 "New External Consolidated Loan" by the beautiful Biblical process of saying "Take thy bill, and sit down quickly, and write 50"—or, rather, 40—per cent. She made her first payment of interest in May of last year, and she now proposes to make default again, audaciously attributing it to the depreciation of silver, though since her last default she has never paid a farthing except the 10 per cent. additional import duty assigned for the service of the new debt, and it therefore makes no practical difference to her whether her creditors lose much or little in exchanging her depreciated "sucres" into honest sovereigns.

The low rate of exchange enhances the profits of the cocoa-growers, and the country is prosperous.

We have positive information that the syndicate of eight or nine powerful English and foreign finance houses formed to secure the Italian alcohol monopoly have great difficulty in securing the whole sum required. The bulk of the capital has been subscribed, but the balance is difficult to get without letting in those who were to have been left out.

Gilt-edged securities are still greatly sought after. The New Zealand Bank issue was covered nearly five times over.

Fairly well secured brewery debentures are in favour. The issue of Benskin's Watford Brewery was covered three times over, a remarkable tribute to the Englishman's veneration for beer, when it is remembered that the specific security for English brewery debentures is generally licensed houses, the most unsubstantial real estate in England.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

HOARE AND COMPANY, LIMITED.—This company has a million share capital and £600,000 4 per cent. debenture stock, of which £400,000 cumulative 5 per cent. preference shares (at 20 per cent. premium) and £400,000 debenture stock at 5 per cent. premium are offered to the public by Messrs. Hoare, the bankers. It is formed to take over the well-known Red Lion Brewery and forty freehold and seventy leasehold public-houses with unspecified properties standing in the books at £432,466 10s. There is no independent valuation of this large amount of house property, but the auditors are good enough to express an opinion that the £1,412,762 3s. 4d. at which the various assets stand in the books of the firm represents a very moderate estimate of their present value. The same gentlemen certify that the annual profits for the last five years have

averaged £96,070, including "interest on loans, but," they add, "no deduction has been made for interest on capital or deposits, and in arriving at this average profit we have made certain necessary adjustments and have excluded the results of the bottle business, which is being disposed of, and will not be taken over by the company." The price to be paid for "the business and assets" estimated as above at £1,412,762 3s. 4d. is no less than £1,600,000, besides the £1,000,000 premium at which the preference shares and debentures are offered. The company reserves the right to make a further *pari passu* issue of £200,000 debenture stock and £200,000 preference shares, "but, as regards the debenture stock, this power is not to be exercised unless due provision is made to the satisfaction of the trustees for the vesting in them of additional property, as provided by the trust deed." The trustees are two of the vendors (who are also directors of the new company) and two members of Messrs. Hoare, the bankers. On Wednesday, before the prospectus was out, the 4 per cent. debenture stock was quoted at 109, or 4 per cent. above the issue price!

JAMES DEUCHAR, LIMITED, is offering £130,000 4½ per cent. debenture stock as a first charge on a freehold brewery and thirty freehold and three copyhold hotels and licensed houses, valued at £170,500, besides other assets valued at £57,003 10s. 7d. more. It is a respectable concern, is said to have been well applied for, and has been quoted at a premium.

PETER WALKER AND SON PROPERTY CORPORATION, LIMITED.—This is another large issue at 5 per cent. premium or 4½ per cent. debentures, primarily secured on "tied" houses purchased at brewers' prices. The principal (£400,000) and interest are guaranteed by Peter Walker and Son, Limited, the well-known brewing company, and investors will do well before subscribing to be certain that the memorandum of association of Peter Walker and Son, Limited, authorises that company to guarantee the debenture stock of another company.

MELBOURNE BREWERY AND DISTILLERY, LIMITED, offers £100,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares and £150,000 6 per cent. debenture stock. It is formed to acquire the Victoria Brewery, a distillery, malthouse, &c., opposite, sundry public-houses, &c., which stand in the books of the firm at £212,491. The purchase money is to be £265,000, of which £160,000 has to be paid in cash. There is an auditor's certificate, as usual, about profits, but no independent valuation of the properties. The distillery has been idle for three years, unable to compete with imported spirits, but is going to be put into full work on the strength of a protective duty, "and, with some additions thereto, the company," the prospectus says, "should be enabled to undersell all the London-made and other imported spirits, which have hitherto commanded this market." It is not stated where the money for these additions is to come from.

R. WHITE AND SONS, LIMITED.—Messrs. Coates, Son, and Co. offer at par £100,000 5 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of R. White and Sons, Limited, mineral water manufacturers, which seems fairly well secured—far better than some of the fashionable brewery debentures offered at exorbitant prices, though there is no uncalled capital to fall back on. We hardly know whether to regard as a source of strength or weakness the appearance on the board of the late City Editor of the *Times*.

J. R. ROBERTS' STORES, LIMITED.—This company is formed with a share capital of £202,500 and £50,000 debenture stock to purchase for £209,900 a Mr. J. R. Roberts' drapery and furniture business at Stratford, Essex. The real estate is valued by Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield "for the purposes of the present trade as a going concern" at £54,558, and Mr. Roberts estimates his outlay on fixtures, furniture, horses, carts, steam-boilers, &c., "at about £1700." These two sums together amount to £71,558, leaving the gigantic sum of £138,342 to be represented by "the valuable goodwill of the business." We were under the impression that this company was promoted by Messrs. André, Mendel, and Co., of Whittington Avenue; but we can find no mention of their names in the prospectus, which states that the Roberts Syndicate, Limited, "are the promoters of the company, and make a profit on the sale." It would be interesting to know how much of the £138,342 to be paid for goodwill is absorbed by this profit. Subscribers have to contract themselves out of the benefit of the Directors' Liability Act, 1890. The issue is lavishly advertised, and has been put up to a premium in the market.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M.—No. If the banks went into liquidation, you could not set off your deposits against your liability. You would have to pay to the respective liquidators all calls on your shares, and then prove against the respective estates for the amounts of your deposits.

BRIGHTON.—As mentioned in our issue of July 18, we decline to advise on brokers, whether outside or inside, but we will so far relax our rule as to advise you to have nothing at all to do with the firm you mention. We agree with you that many of these gentry are "kinked up together like a bag o' snakes."

DUBLIN.—No. 1. The gold mining company you mention is considered respectable and hopeful. At the end of last year the shares were quoted at about 1s. 3d. each. They are now quoted at 3s. 1½d. to 3s. 4½d.—No. 2. The Union is probably the best bank in Australia, and the failure of so many other Australian banks must send the pick of the customers to the few survivors. The fifty-sixth annual report and balance-sheet, to be presented to the general meeting on Monday, indicates great strength. They have more than 4½ millions in cash and specie besides bullion and money on call and short notice. The liability of £50 a share is enough in these days to account for the low price of the shares.

MERCANTILE.—No. 1. Not much is known in the "House" of this concern; but it seems to owe money on mortgage, on 4½ and 5 per cent. debentures, and on deposits. We should think 16s. or 17s. a good price.—No. 2. This is regarded as a "gilt-edged" security, and, consequently, is rather dear. It is a good investment.